A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

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THROUGH

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BY

Mr. YORICK.

SECOND EDITION.

Reviſed by M. D***.

PARIS:

Printed by J. G. A. STOUPE;
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BRITISH MUSEUM

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SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF Mr. STERNE.

LAURENCE STERNE was the son of an Irish officer, and born in the barracks of Dublin: but, though nurtured among soldiers, he was a son of the church; and, if we may take the opinion of a bishop on his sermons, not unworthy the title. His great grandfather was an archbishop, and his uncle a prebendary of one of our cathedrals.

From school he passed in due course to the university, where he spent the usual number of years; read a great deal, laughed more, and sometimes took the diversion of puzzling his tutors. He left Cambridge with the character of an odd man, who had no harm in him, and who had parts, if he would use them.

Upon leaving the univerſity, he ſeated himſelf quietly in the lap of the church, at Sutton in the Foreſt of Galtrees, a ſmall vicarage in Yorkshire. Here he waited patiently, till time and chance (which now guide where judgement once preſided) ſhould raiſe him to what they pleaſed: and here an occaſion offered, which made him firſt feel himſelf, and to which, perhaps, we owe the origin of the hiſtory of Triſtram.

There happened a diſpute among ſome of the ſuperiors of his order, in which Mr. Sterne's friend, one of the beſt men in the world, was concerned. A perſon, who filled a lucrative benefice, was not ſatisfied with enjoying it during his own life-time, but exerted all his intereſt to have it entailed upon his wife and ſon after his deceaſe. Mr. Sterne's friend, who expected the reverſion of this living, had not, however, ſufficient influence to prevent the ſucceſs of his adverſary. At this critical period, Mr. Sterne attacked the monopolizer in joke, and wrote « The hiſtory of a good warm » watch-coat, * with which the preſent poſ- » ſeſſor is not content to cover his own » ſhoulders, unleſs he can alſo cut out of it » a petticoat for his wife, and a pair of » breeches for his ſon ».

What all the ſerious arguments in the

* *Vide pag. 183.*

world could not have effected, Sterne's ſatirical pen brought about. The intended monopolizer ſent him word, that if he would ſuppreſs the publication of this ſarcaſm, he would reſign his pretenſions to the next candidate. The pamphlet was ſuppreſſed, the reverſion took place, and Mr. Sterne was requited, by the intereſt of his patron, with the prebendaryſhip of York.

An incident, much about the ſame time, contributed exceedingly to eſtabliſh the reputation of Mr. Sterne's wit. It was this: He was ſitting in the coffee-houſe at York, when a ſtranger came in, who gave much offence to the company, conſiſting chiefly of gentlemen of the gown, by deſcaning too freely upon religion, and the hypocriſy of the clergy. The young fellow at length addreſſed himſelf to Mr. Sterne, asking him, what were his ſentiments upon the ſubject; when, inſtead of anſwering him directly, he told the witling, that « his dog was reckon» ed one of the moſt beautiful pointers in » the whole county, was very good-natured, » but that he had an infernal trick which » deſtroyed all his good qualities.—He never » ſees a clergyman », (continued Sterne) « but » he immediately flies at him ». « How long » may he have had that trick? »—« Sir, ever » ſince he was a puppy ». The young man felt the keenneſs of the ſatire, turned upon his heel, and left Sterne to triumph.

At this time, Mr. Sterne was poſſeſſed of ſome good livings, having enjoyed, ſo early as the year 1745, the vicarage of Sutton in the Foreſt of Galtrees, where he uſually performed divine ſervice on Sunday morning; and in the afternoon he preached at the rectory of Stillington, which he held as one of the prebends of York, in which capacity he alſo aſſiſted regularly, in his turn, at the cathedral. Thus he decently lived a becoming ornament of the church, till his Rabelaiſian ſpirit, which iſſued from the preſs, immerſed him into the gayeties and frivolities of the World.

His wit and humour were already greatly admired within the circle of his acquaintance; but his genius had never yet reached the capital, when his two firſt volumes of Triſtram Shandy made their appearance. They were printed at York, and propoſed to the bookſellers there at a very moderate price; thoſe gentlemen, however, were ſuch judges of their value, that they ſcarce offered the price of paper and print; and the work made its way into the world without any of the artifices which are often practiſed to put off an edition. A large impreſſion being almoſt inſtantaneouſly ſold, the bookſellers were rouzed from their lethargy, and every one was eager to purchaſe the ſecond edition of the copy. Mr. Sterne ſold it for ſix hundred pounds, after being refuſed fifty

pounds for the first impression and proprietorship.

The two first volumes of Tristram Shandy were now in every body's hands. All read, most approved, but few understood them. Those who had not entered into the ludicrous manner of Rabelais, or the poignant satire of Swift, did not comprehend them; but they joined with the multitude, and pronounced Tristram Shandy very clever. Even the Reviewers recommended Mr. Shandy as a writer infinitely more ingenious and entertaining than any other of the present race of novelists; adding, his characters were striking and singular, his observations shrewd and pertinent, and, making a few exceptions, that his humour was easy and genuine.

The publication of these two volumes brought Mr. Sterne into great repute. He was considered as the genius of the age; his company was equally courted by the great, the literati, the witty, and the gay; and it was considered as a kind of honour to have passed an evening with the author of Tristram Shandy. Though some of the over rigid clergy condemned this ludicrous performance, and judged it incompatible with that purity and morality which should ever accompany the writings of the gentlemen of the gown; these censures were far from being universal, even among the cler-

gy; and the acquaintance he made by this publication, were in many reſpects advantageous to him. Among others, the Earl Faulconberg ſo particularly patronized the Author of this work, that, to teſtify his approbation, he preſented Mr. Sterne with the rectory of Cawood, which was an agreeable and convenient addition to his other livings, being all in the neighbourhood of York.

His next publication conſiſted of two volumes of ſermons, which the ſevereſt critics could not help applauding for the purity and elegance of their ſtyle, and the excellence of their moral. The manner in which they were ushered to public notice, was, by ſome, ſeverely condemned, whilſt others lamented, that ſuch excellent diſcourſes ſhould ſtand in need of ſuch an introduction; and many were of opinion, that he had wrote Triſtram Shandy purely to introduce them, as, in his preface to the ſermons, he acquaints the reader, that « The ſermon which gave riſe to the pu-
» blication of theſe, having been offered to
» the public as a ſermon of Yorick's, he
» hoped the moſt ſerious reader would find
» nothing to offend him, in his continuing
» thoſe two volumes under the ſame title.
» Leſt it ſhould be otherwiſe, I have added
» a ſecond title page, with the real name of
» the author:——the firſt will ſerve the
» bookſeller's purpoſe, as Yorick's name is

» poſſibly of the two the more known ;—
» and the ſecond will eaſe the minds of
» thoſe who ſee a jeſt, and the danger
» which lurks under it, where no jeſt was
» meant ».

When the third and fourth volumes of Triſtram Shandy made their appearance, the publick was not quite ſo eager in purchaſing and applauding them, as they had been with reſpect to the firſt two volumes. The novelty of the ſtyle and manner no longer remained; his digreſſions were by many conſidered as tedious, and his aſterisks too obſcure; nay, ſome invidious criticks, who pretended to be able to point them out, inſinuated, that they were too indelicate for the eye of chaſtity.

He had nevertheleſs a great number of admirers; and he was encouraged to publiſh a fifth and ſixth volume. Their ſatire was ſtill poignant, ſpirited, and, in general, extremely juſt. The characters, though ſomewhat overcharged, were lively and in nature. He conſtantly caught the Ridiculous, wherever he found it; and he never failed to preſent it to his readers in the moſt agreeable point of light. His ſtory of Le Fevre was highly finiſhed, and truly pathetic; and would alone reſcue his name from oblivion, if his ſermons were not conſidered as ſome of the beſt moral diſcourſes extant.

The ſeventh, eighth, and ninth volumes

have not yet completed that work; ſo that what was ſaid upon the publication of his firſt volumes, has been verified: « Mr. » Shandy ſeems ſo extremely fond of di- » greſſions, and of giving his hiſtorical read- » ers the ſlip upon all occaſions, that we are » not a little apprehenſive he may, ſome » time or other, give them the ſlip in good » earneſt, and leave the work before the » ſtory be finiſhed ».

In the above mentioned volumes, Mr. Sterne carries his readers through France, and introduces ſome ſcenes and characters, which are afterwards taken up in the Sentimental Journey, particularly that of Maria; ſo that this may, in ſome meaſure, be conſidered as a continuation of the Life and Opinions of Triſtram Shandy.

It is almoſt needleſs to obſerve, of a book ſo univerſally read as Shandy, that the ſtory of the hero's life is the leaſt part of the author's concern. It is, in reality, nothing more than a vehicle for ſatire on a great variety of ſubjects. Moſt of theſe ſatirical ſtrokes are introduced with little regard to any connexion, either with the principal ſtory or with each other. The author having no determined end in view, runs from object to object, as they happen to ſtrike a very lively and very irregular imagination. In fact, the book is a perpetual ſeries of diſappointments; yet with this and other ble-

mishes, the life of Triſtram Shandy has uncommon merit, and the freedom and ſincerity of its author, perhaps, cannot be equalled by any other writer beſide the *incomparable Montaigne*. The faults of an original work are always pardoned; and it is not ſurpriſing, that, at a time, when a tame imitation makes almoſt the whole merit of ſo many books, ſo happy an attempt at novelty ſhould have been ſo well received. His laſt work, however, may be conſidered as his greateſt, ſince it contains a variety of agreeable pathetic deſcriptions, in an eaſy ſimple ſtyle, cleared from much of the obſcurity and levity which degrade the former volumes.

As Mr. Sterne advanced in literary fame, he left his livings to the care of his curates; and though he acquired ſome thouſands by his productions, being a character very diſtant from an œconomiſt, his ſavings were no greater at the end of the year, than when he had no other ſupport but the ſingle vicarage of Sutton. Indeed his travelling expences abroad, and the luxurious manner in which he lived with the gay and polite at home, greatly promoted the diſſipation of a very conſiderable ſum which his writings had produced, and which might have been a future aſſiſtance to his family. This being the caſe, at his death, his widow and daughter, an agreeable young lady about

ſixteen, who had both reſided for ſome years in a convent in France *, having ſeparated from M. Sterne through ſome pique, which was differently accounted for by the parties, finding that their penſions muſt diſcontinue, returned to England, in order to publish his poſthumous works. Being at York, during the laſt races, ſome humane gentlemen, friends and admirers of the late Prebend, took into conſideration their diſagreeable ſituation, and made them a preſent of a purſe containing a thouſand pounds. This unexpected and generous ſupply, added to a very extenſive ſubſcription of the nobility and gentry to three additional volumes of ſermons, has afforded a ſufficient proviſion to enable them to ſupport themſelves in their late recluſe manner of life, to which they have determined to return.

As Mr. Sterne hath drawn his own character (under the name of Yorick) with great happineſs and skill, we will take the liberty of introducing it here, the better to complete our account of the author and his works:

— « This is all that ever ſtagger'd my

* *A particular and ingenious account of this abſurd practice of the English is given in « Col. Thicknesse's obſervations on the cuſtoms and manners of the French nation, » in which many uſeful hints and informations to travellers making the tour of France may be found.*

» faith in regard to Yorick's extraction;
» who, by what I can remember of him,
» and by all the accounts I could ever get
» of him, ſeem'd not to have had one ſin-
» gle drop of Danish blood in his whole
» craſis; in nine hundred years it might
» poſſibly have all run out:—I will not
» philoſophize one moment with you about
» it; for, happen how it would, the fact
» was this:—That inſtead of that cold phlegm
» and exact regularity of ſenſe and humours,
» you would have look'd for, in one ſo
» extracted;—he was, on the contrary, as
» mercurial and ſublimated a compoſition, as
» heteroclite a creature in all his declenſions;
» with as much life and whim,——and
» *gaîté de cœur* about him, as the kindlieſt
» climate could have engendered and put
» together. With all this ſail, poor Yorick
» carried not one ounce of ballaſt; he was
» utterly unpractiſed in the world; and at
» the age of twenty-ſix, knew juſt about
» as well how to ſteer his courſe in it, as a
» romping unſuſpicious girl of thirteen:
» ſo that, upon his firſt ſetting out, the
» brisk gale of his ſpirits, as you will ima-
» gine, ran him foul ten times in a day of
» ſome body's tackling; and as the grave
» and more ſlow-paced were oftener in his
» way,——you may likewiſe imagine;
» 'twas with ſuch he generally had the ill
» luck to get the moſt entangled. For

» aught I know, there might be ſome mix-
» ture of unlucky wit at the bottom of
» ſuch *fracas*——For, to ſpeak the truth,
» Yorick had an invincible diſlike and op-
» poſition in his nature to gravity;—not
» to gravity as ſuch—for, where gravity
» was wanted, he would be the moſt grave
» and ſerious of mortal men for days and
» weeks together;—but he was an enemy
» to the affectation of it, and declared open
» war againſt it, only as it appeared a cloak
» for ignorance, or for folly; and then,
» whenever it fell in his way, however
» sheltered and protected, he ſeldom gave
» it much quarter.

» Sometimes, in his wild way of talk-
» ing, he would ſay that gravity was an ar-
» rant ſcoundrel; and he would add,—
» of the moſt dangerous kind too,—be-
» cauſe a ſly one, and that he verily be-
» lieved, more honeſt, well-meaning people
» were bubbled out of their goods and
» money by it in one twelvemonth, than by
» pocket picking and ſhop-lifting in ſeven.
» In the naked temper which a merry
» heart diſcovered, he would ſay, there
» was no danger——but to itſelf:———
» whereas the very eſſence of gravity was
» deſign, and conſequently deceit;—'twas
» a taught trick to gain credit of the world
» for more ſenſe and knowledge than a man
» was worth; and that, with all its pre-

» tenſions,—it was no better, but often worſe,
» than what a French wit had long ago
» defined it—*viz.* A myſterious carriage of
» the body to cover the defects of the mind;
» —which definition of gravity, Yorick,
» with great imprudence, would ſay, de-
» ſerved to be wrote in letters of gold.

» But in plain truth, he was a man un-
» hackneyed and unpractiſed in the world,
» and was altogether as indiſcreet and
» foolish on every other ſubject of diſ-
» courſe, where policy is wont to impreſs
» reſtraint. Yorick had no impreſſion but
» one, and that was what aroſe from the
» nature of the deed ſpoken of; which im-
» preſſion he would uſually tranſlate into
» plain English without any periphraſis,
» —and too oft without much diſtinction
» of either perſonnage, time, or place;—
» ſo that when mention was made of a pitiful
» or an ungenerous proceeding,—he never
» gave himſelf a moment's time to reflect
» who was the Hero of the piece—what
» his ſtation—or how far he had power to
» hurt him hereafter;—but if it was a dirty
» action,—without more ado—The man
» was a dirty fellow—and ſo on—And as
» his comments had uſually the ill fate to
» be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or
» to be enlivened throughout with ſome
» drollery or humour of expreſſion, it gave
» wings to Yorick's indiſcretion. In a word,

» though he never ſought, yet, at the ſame » time, as he ſeldom ſhunn'd occaſions of » ſaying what came uppermoſt, and without » much ceremony,—he had but too many » temptations in life, of ſcattering his wit » and his humour,—his gibes and his jeſts » about him.—They were not loſt for want » of gathering ».

Mr. Sterne died as he lived, the ſame indifferent, careleſs creature; as a day or two before, he ſeemed not in the leaſt affected with his approaching diſſolution. He was buried privately in a new burying ground belonging to the parish of St. George's, Hanover-ſquare, at twelve o'clock at noon, attended only by two gentlemen in a mourning coach, no bell tolling. His death was announced in the new-papers of March 22d 1768, by the following paragraph:

Died at his lodgings in Bond-Street, the Rev. Mr. Sterne.

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well; a Fellow of infinite Jeſt, moſt excellent Fancy, *&c.*

Wit, Humour, Genius hadſt thou, all agree;
One grain of WISDOM had been worth the Three!

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A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

THEY order, ſaid I, this matter better in France—

—You have been in France? ſaid my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the moſt civil triumph in the world.—Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myſelf, that one-and-twenty miles ſailing, for 'tis abſolutely no further from Dover to Calais, ſhould give a man theſe rights.—I'll look into them: ſo giving up the argument—I went ſtraight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen ſhirts and a black pair of ſilk breeches—« the coat I have on, » ſaid I, looking at the ſleeve, will do »—took a place in the Dover ſtage; and the packet ſailing at nine the next morning—by three I had got ſat down to my dinner upon a fricaſſee'd chicken ſo inconteſtibly in France, that, had I died that night of an indigeſtion, the whole world could not have ſuſpended

the effects of the * *droits d'aubaine*—my shirts, and black pair of ſilk breeches—portmanteau and all muſt have gone to the king of France—even the little picture which I have ſo long worn, and ſo often have I told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck.—Ungenerous!—to ſeize upon the wreck of an unwary paſſenger, whom your ſubjects had beckon'd to their coaſt—by heaven! SIRE, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me, 'tis the monarch of a people ſo civilized and courteous, and ſo renown'd for ſentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reaſon with—

But I have ſcarce ſet foot in your dominions.—

CALAIS.

WHEN I had finish'd my dinner, and drank the king of France's health, to ſatisfy my mind that I bore him no ſpleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper—I roſe up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—No—ſaid I—the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be miſled like other people; but there is a mildneſs in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a ſuffu-

* *All the effects of ſtrangers (Swiſs and Scotch excepted) dying in France, are ſeized by virtue of this law, though the heir be upon the ſpot—the profit of theſe contingencies being farm'd, there is no redreſs.*

ſion of a finer kind upon my cheek—more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at leaſt of two livres a bottle, which was ſuch as I had been drinking) could have produced.

Juſt God! ſaid I, kicking my portmanteau aſide, what is there in this world's goods which ſhould ſharpen our ſpirits, and make ſo many kindhearted brethren of us, fall out ſo cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heavieſt of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purſe, and holding it airily and uncompreſs'd, looks round him, as if he ſought for an object to ſhare it with.—In doing this, I felt every veſſel in my frame dilate—the arteries beat all chearily together, and every power which ſuſtained life, perform'd it with ſo little friction, that 'twould have confounded the moſt *phyſical precieuſe* in France: with all her materialiſm, ſhe could ſcarce have called me a machine.—

I'm confident, ſaid I to myſelf, I ſhould have overſet her creed.

The acceſſion of that idea, carried nature, at that time, as high as ſhe could go—I was at peace with the world before, and this finish'd the treaty with myſelf—

—Now, was I a King of France, cried I—what a moment for an orphan to have begg'd his father's portmanteau of me!

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I HAD ſcarce utter'd the words, when a poor monk of the order of St Francis came into the room, to beg ſomething for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the ſport of contingencies—or one man may be generous, as another man is puiſſant—*ſed non, quo ad hanc*—or be it as it may—for there is no regular reaſoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the ſame cauſes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themſelves—'twould be oft no diſcredit to us, to ſuppoſe it was ſo: I'm ſure, at leaſt for myſelf, that in many a caſe I ſhould be more higly ſatisfied, to have it ſaid by the world, « I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither ſin nor ſhame, » than have it paſs altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was ſo much of both.

—But be this at it may. The moment I caſt my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous, and accordingly I put my purſe in my pocket—button'd it up—ſet myſelf a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was ſomething, I fear, forbidding, in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deſerved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonſure, a few ſcatter'd white hairs upon his temples, being all that remained of it, might be about ſeventy—but from his eyes, and that ſort of fire which was in them, which ſeemed more temper'd by courteſy than years, could be no more than ſixty—Truth might lie between—He was certainly ſixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithſtanding ſomething ſeem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of thoſe heads, which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat-contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at ſomething beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's ſhoulders, beſt knows; but it would have ſuited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indoſtan, I had reverenced it.

The reſt of his outline may be given in a few ſtrokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to deſign, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwiſe, but as character and expreſſion made it ſo: it was a thin, ſpare form, ſomething above the common ſize, if it loſt not the diſtinction by a bend forwards in the figure, but it was the attitude of Intreaty; and as it now ſtands preſent to my imagination, it gain'd more than it loſt by it.

When he had enter'd the room three paces, he ſtood ſtill; and laying his left hand upon his breaſt, (a ſlender white ſtaff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got cloſe up to him, he introduced himſelf with the little ſtory of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with ſo ſimple a grace—and ſuch an air of deprecation was there in the whole caſt of his look and figure—I was bewitch'd not to have been ſtruck with it.—

—A better reaſon was, I had predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

—'Tis very true, ſaid I, replying to a caſt upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his addreſs—'tis very true—and heaven be their reſource who have no other but the charity of the world, the ſtock of which, I fear, is no way ſufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a ſlight glance with his eyé downwards upon the ſleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, ſaid I—a coarſe habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no

great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with ſo little induſtry, that your order ſhould wish to procure them, by preſſing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languiſhes alſo for his ſhare of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, inſtead of the order of St Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full chearfully ſhould it have been open'd to you, for the ranſom of the unfortunate—The monk made me a bow—but of all others, reſumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, ſurely, have the firſt rights; and I have left thouſands in diſtreſs upon our own ſhore—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to ſay: No doubt, there is miſery enough in every corner in the world, as well as within our convent.—But we diſtinguish, ſaid I, laying my hand upon the ſleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we diſtinguiſh, my good father! betwixt thoſe who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and thoſe who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in ſloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciſcan made no reply: a hectic of a moment paſs'd acroſs his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature ſeemed to have

had done with her reſentments in him; he ſhewed none———but letting his ſtaff fall within his arm, he preſs'd both his hands with reſignation upon his breaſt, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

My heart ſmote me the moment he ſhut the door—Pſha! ſaid I, with an air of careleſſneſs, three ſeveral times—but it would not do: every ungracious ſyllable I had utter'd, crowded back into my imagination: I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciſcan, but to deny him; and that the puniſhment of that was enough to the diſappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I conſider'd his grey hairs—his courteous figure ſeem'd to re-enter and gently aſk me what injury he had done me?—and why I could uſe him thus? —I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, ſaid I within myſelf; but I have only juſt ſet out upon my travels; and ſhall learn better manners as I get along.

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

When a man is diſcontented with himſelf, it has one advantage however, that it puts

him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaiſe—and nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fitteſt for, I walk'd out into the coach-yard, to buy or hire ſomething of that kind to my purpoſe: an old * Deſobligeant in the furtheſt corner of the court, hit my fancy at firſt ſight, ſo I inſtantly got into it, and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monſieur Deſſein the maſter of the hôtel—but Monſieur Deſſein being gone to veſpers; and not caring to face the Franciſcan, whom I ſaw on the oppoſite ſide of the court, in conference with a lady juſt arrived at the inn—I drew the taffeta curtain betwixt us, and being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *Deſobligeant.*

PREFACE

IN THE DESOBLIGEANT.

It muſt have been obſerved by many a peripatetic philoſopher, that nature has ſet up by her own unqueſtionable authority, certain boundaries and fences to circumſcribe

* *A chaiſe, ſo called in France, from its holding but one perſon.*

the diſcontent of men: she has effected her purpoſe in the quieteſt and eaſieſt manner, by laying him under almoſt inſuperable obligations to work out his eaſe, and to ſuſtain his ſufferings at home. It is there only that she has provided him with the moſt ſuitable objects to partake of his happineſs, and bear a part of that burden, which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'Tis true, we are endued with an imperfect power of ſpreading our happineſs ſometimes beyond *her* limits, but 'tis ſo ordered, that from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies, and from the difference in education, cuſtoms and habits, we lie under ſo many impediments in communicating our ſenſations out of our own ſphere, as often amount to a total impoſſibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of ſentimental commerce is always againſt the expatriated adventurer: he muſt buy what he has little occaſion for, at their own price—his converſation will ſeldom be taken in exchange for theirs, without a large diſcount—and this, by the bye, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers for ſuch converſation as he can find, it requires no great ſpirit of divination to gueſs at his party.—

This brings me to my point; and naturally leads me (if the ſee-ſaw of this *Deſobligeant* will but let me get on) into the effi-

cient as well as the final cauſes of travelling.—

Your idle people, that leave their native country, and go abroad, for ſome reaſon or reaſons, which may be derived from one of theſe general cauſes—

Infirmity of body,
Imbecillity of mind, or
Inevitable neceſſity.

The firſt two include all thoſe who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride curioſity, vanity or ſpleen, ſubdivided and combined *in infinitum.*

The third claſs includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more eſpecially thoſe travellers who ſet out upon their travels with the benefit of the clergy, either as delinquents travelling under the direction of governors, recommended by the magiſtrate—or young gentlemen tranſported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glaſgow.

There is a fourth claſs, but their number is ſo ſmall that they would not deſerve a diſtinction, was it not neceſſary in a work of this nature to obſerve the greateſt preciſion and nicety, to avoid a confuſion of character. And theſe men I ſpeak of, are ſuch as croſs the ſeas, and ſojourn in a land of ſtrangers, with a view of ſaving money for various reaſons, and upon various pretences:

but as they might alſo ſave themſelves and others a great deal of unneceſſary trouble, by ſaving their money at home—and as their reaſons for travelling are the leaſt complex of any other ſpecies of emigrants, I ſhall diſtinguish theſe gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following *Heads*:

Idle Travellers,
Inquiſitive Travellers,
Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers.

Then follow the Travellers of Neceſſity:
The delinquent and felonious Traveller,
The unfortunate and innocent Traveller,
The ſimple Traveller,
And laſt of all (if you pleaſe)
The Sentimental Traveller.

(meaning thereby myſelf) who have travelled, and of which I am now ſitting down to give an account—as much out of *Neceſſity* and the *beſoin de voyager*, as any one in the claſs.

I am well aware, at the ſame time, as both my travels and obſervations will be altogether of a different caſt from any of my forerunners; that I might have inſiſted upon a whole nitch entirely to myſelf—but I ſhould break in upon the confines of the *Vain* Traveller, in wishing to draw attention towards

me, till I have ſome better grounds for it, than the mere *Novelty of my Vehicle.*

It is ſufficient for my reader, if he has been a traveller himſelf, that with ſtudy and reflection hereupon, he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue —it will be one ſtep towards knowing himſelf; as it is great odds, but he retains ſome tincture and reſemblance, of what he imbibed or carried out to the preſent hour.

The man who firſt tranſplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (obſerve he was a Dutchman) never dreamt of drinking the ſame wine at the Cape, that the ſame grape produced upon the French mountains—he was too phlegmatic for that ——but undoubtedly he expected to drink ſome ſort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent—he knew enough of this world, to know that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his ſucceſs: however, he hoped for the beſt; and in theſe hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his diſcretion, *Mynheer* might poſſibly overſet both in his new vineyard; and by diſcovering his nakedneſs, become a laughing-ſtock to his people.

Even ſo it fares with the poor Traveller, ſailing and poſting through the politer kingdoms of the globe, in purſuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by ſailing and poſting for that purpoſe; but whether uſeful knowledge and real improvements, is all a lottery—and even where the adventurer is ſucceſsful, the acquired ſtock muſt be uſed with caution and ſobriety to turn to any profit—but as the chances run prodigiouſly the other way, both as to the acquiſition and application, I am of opinion, that a man would act as wiſely, if he could prevail upon himſelf, to live contented without foreign knowledge or foreign improvements, eſpecially if he lives in a country that has no abſolute want of either—and, indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time coſt me, when I have obſerved how many a foul ſtep the inquiſitive Traveller has meaſured, to ſee ſights, and look into diſcoveries; all which, as Sancho Pança ſaid to Don Quixote, they might have ſeen dry-ſhod, at home. It is an age ſo full of light, that there is ſcarce a country or corner of Europe, whoſe beams are not croſſed and interchanged with others—Knowledge in moſt of its branches, and in moſt affairs, is like muſic in an Italian ſtreet, whereof thoſe may partake who pay nothing. —But there is no nation under heaven—and God is my record, (before whoſe tribunal I muſt one day come and give an account of this work) that I do not ſpeak it vauntingly—But there is no nation under heaven

abounding with more variety of learning——where the ſciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more ſurely won than here—where art is encouraged, and will ſo ſoon riſe high—where Nature (take her all together) has ſo little to anſwer for—and, to cloſe all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with—Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going?—

—We are only looking at this chaiſe, ſaid they—Your moſt obedient ſervant, ſaid I, skipping out of it, and pulling off my hat—We were wondering, ſaid one of them, who, I found, was an *inquiſitive traveller*—what could occaſion its motion—'Twas the agitation, ſaid I coolly, of writing a preface—I never heard, ſaid the other, who was a *ſimple Traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *Deſobligeant*.—It would have been better, ſaid I, in a *Vis à Vis*.

—*As an Engliſhman does not travel to ſee Engliſhmen*, I retired to my room.

CALAIS.

I Perceived that ſomething darken'd the paſſage more than myſelf, as I ſtepp'd along it to my room; it was effectually Monſ. Deſſein, the maſter of the hôtel, who had juſt returned from veſpers, and, with his hat under his arm, was moſt complaiſantly

following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myſelf pretty well out of conceit with the *Deſobligeant*; and Monſ. Deſſein ſpeaking of it, with a ſhrug, as if it would no way ſuit me, it immediately ſtruck my fancy, that it belong'd to ſome *innocent traveller*, who, on his return home, had left it to Monſ. Deſſein's honour, to make the moſt of. Four months had elapſed ſince it had finish'd its career of Europe in the corner of Monſieur Deſſein's coach-yard; and having ſallied out from thence but a vampt-up buſineſs at the firſt, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adventures—but by none ſo little as the ſtanding ſo many months unpitied in the corner of Monſ. Deſſein's coach-yard. Much indeed was not to be ſaid for it—but ſomething might—and when a few words will reſcue miſery out of her diſtreſs, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

—Now, was I the maſter of this hôtel, ſaid I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Monſ. Deſſein's breaſt, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *Deſobligeant*—it ſtands ſwinging reproaches at you every time you paſs by it—

Mon Dieu! ſaid Monſ. Deſſein—I have no intereſt—Except the intereſt, ſaid I, which men of a certain turn of mind take, Monſ. Deſſein, in their own ſenſations—

I'm perſuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himſelf, every rainy night, diſguiſe it as you will, muſt caſt a damp upon your ſpirits—You ſuffer, Monſ. Deſſein, as much as the machine—

I have always obſerved, when there is as much *ſour* as *ſweet* in a compliment, that an Engliſhman is eternally at a loſs within himſelf, whether to take it, or let it alone: a Frenchman never is: Monſ. Deſſein made me a bow.

C'eſt bien vrai, ſaid he—But in this caſe I ſhould only exchange one diſquietude for another, and with loſs: figure to yourſelf, my dear Sir, that in giving you a chaiſe which would fall to pieces before you had got half way to Paris—figure to yourſelf how much I would ſuffer, in giving an ill impreſſion of myſelf to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I muſt do, *d'un homme d'eſprit.*

The doſe was made up exactly after my own preſcription; ſo I could not help taking it—and returning Monſ. Deſſein his bow, without more caſuiſtry we walk'd together towards his remiſe, to take a view of his magazine of chaiſes.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

It muſt needs be a hoſtile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a ſorry poſt chaiſe) cannot go forth with the ſeller thereof

into the ſtreet to terminate the difference betwixt them, but he inſtantly falls into the ſame frame of mind, and views his conventioniſt with the ſame ſort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hidepark corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor ſword's man, and no way a match for Monſieur Deſſein, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me, to which the ſituation is incident—I looked at Monſieur Deſſein through and through—ey'd him as he walked along in profile—then, *en face*—thought he look'd like a Jew—then a Turk—diſliked his wig—curſed him by my gods—wished him at the devil—

—And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four *louis d'or*, which is the moſt I can be overreach'd in?—Baſe paſſion! ſaid I, turning myſelf about, as a man naturally does upon a ſudden reverſe of ſentiment——baſe, ungentle paſſion! thy hand is againſt every man, and every man's hand againſt thee—Heaven forbid! ſaid she, raiſing her hand up to her forehead, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had ſeen in conference with the monk—she had followed us unperceived—Heaven forbid, indeed! ſaid I, offering her my own—she had a black pair of ſilk gloves open only at the thumb and two fore-ingers, ſo accepted it without reſerve—and I led her up to the door of the Remiſe.

—Monſieur Deſſein had *diabled* the key

above fifty times before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand: we were as impatient as himſelf to have it open'd; and ſo attentive to the obſtacle, that I continued holding her hand almoſt without knowing it; ſo that Monſieur Deſſein left us together with her hand in mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the Remiſe, and ſaid he would be back in five minutes.

Now a colloquy of five minutes, in ſuch a ſituation, is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the ſtreet: in the latter caſe, 'tis drawn from the objects and occurrences without—when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank—you draw purely from yourſelves. A ſilence of a ſingle moment upon Monſieur Deſſein's leaving us, had been fatal to the ſituation—she had infallibly turned about—ſo I begun the converſation inſtantly.—

—But what were the temptations, (as I write not to apologize for the weakneſſes of my heart in this tour,—but to give an account of them)—ſhall be deſcribed with the ſame ſimplicity, with which I felt them.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *Deſobligeant*, becauſe

I ſaw the monk in cloſe conference with a lady juſt arrived at the inn—I told him the truth; but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much reſtrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suſpicion croſſed my brain, and ſaid, he was telling her what had paſſed; ſomething jarred upon it within me—I wished him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the underſtanding, it ſaves the judgment a world of pains—I was certain she was of a better order of beings—however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impreſſion returned, upon my encounter with her in the ſtreet; a guarded frankneſs with which she gave me her hand, shewed, I thought, her good education and her good ſenſe; and as I led her on, I felt a pleaſurable ductility about her, which ſpread calmneſs over all my ſpirits—

—Good God! how a man might lead ſuch a creature as this round the world with him!

I had not yet ſeen her face—'twas not material; for the drawing was inſtantly ſet about, and long before we had got to the door of the Remiſe, *Fancy* had finished the whole head, and pleaſed herſelf as much with its fitting her goddeſs, as if she had dived into the TIBER for it—but thou art a ſeduced and a ſeducing ſlut; and albeit

thou cheateſt us ſeven times a day with thy pictures and images, yet with ſo many charms doſt thou do it, and thou deckeſt out thy pictures in the ſhapes of ſo many angels of light, 'tis a ſhame to break with thee.

When we had got to the door of the Remiſe, she withdrew her hand from acroſs her forehead, and let me ſee the original—it was a face of about ſix-and-twenty—of a clear tranſparent brown, ſimply ſet off without rouge or powder—it was not critically handſome, but there was that in it, which, in the frame of mind I was in, attached me much more to it—it was intereſting; I fancied it wore the characters of a widow'd look, and in that ſtate of its declenſion, which had paſſed the two firſt paroxyſms of ſorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itſelf to its loſs—but a thouſand other diſtreſſes might have traced the ſame lines; I wish'd to know what they had been—and was ready to inquire, (had the ſame *bon ton* of converſation permitted, as in the days of Eſdras)—« *What aileth thee? and why art thou diſquieted? and why is thy underſtanding troubled?* »—In a word, I felt benevolence for her; and reſolv'd ſome way or other to throw in my might of courteſy—if not of ſervice.

Such were my temptations—and in this diſpoſition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady, with her hand in mine,

and with our faces both turned closer to the door of the Remise than what was absolutely necessary.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

THIS certainly, fair lady! said I, raising her hand up a little lightly as I began, must be one of Fortune's whimsical doings; to take two utter strangers by their hands—of different sexes, and, perhaps, from different corners of the globe, and, in one moment, place them together in such a cordial situation, as Friendship herself could scarce have atchieved for them, had she projected it for a month.—

—And your reflection upon it, shews how much, Monsieur, she has embarrassed you by the adventure.—

When the situation is what we should wish, nothing is so ill-timed as to hint at the circumstances which make it so; you thank Fortune, continued she—you had reason—the heart knew it, and was satisfied; and who but an English philosopher would have sent notice of it to the brain, to reverse the judgement?

In saying this, she disengaged her hand with a look which I thought a sufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miſerable picture which I am going to give of the weakneſs of my heart, by owning that it ſuffered a pain, which worthier occaſions could not have inflicted.—I was mortified with the loſs of her hand, and the manner in which I had loſt it, carried neither oil nor wine to the wound: I never felt the pain of a sheepish inferiority ſo miſerably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are ſhort upon theſe diſcomfitures. In a very few ſeconds she laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finish her reply; ſo ſome way or other, God knows how, I regained my ſituation.

—She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different converſation for the lady, thinking from the ſpirit as well as moral of this, that I had been miſtaken in her character; but upon turning her face towards me, the ſpirit which had animated the reply was fled—the muſcles relaxed, and I beheld the ſame unprotected look of diſtreſs which firſt won me to her intereſt—melancholy! to ſee ſuch ſprightlineſs the prey of ſorrow—I pitied her from my ſoul; and though it may ſeem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart,—I could have taken her into my arms, and cherished her, though it was in the open ſtreet, without blushing.

The pulsations of the arteries along my fingers pressing across hers, told her what was passing within me: she looked down—a silence of some moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I must have made some slight efforts towards a closer compression of her hand, from a subtle sensation I felt in the palm of my own—not as if she was going to withdraw hers—but as if she thought about it—and I had infallibly lost it a second time, had not instinct more than reason directed me to the last resource in these dangers—to hold it loosely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to release it, of myself; so she let it continue, till Monsieur Dessein returned with the key; and in the mean time I set myself to consider how I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

THE good old monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him cross'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no. He stopp'd, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world

world of frankneſs; and having a horn ſnuff-box in his hand, he preſented it open to me—You ſhall taſte mine—ſaid I, pulling out my box (which was a ſmall tortoiſe one) and putting it into his hand—'Tis moſt excellent, ſaid the monk. Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, ſometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once uſed you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor man blush'd as red as ſcarlet. *Mon Dieu!* ſaid he, preſſing his hands together—you never uſed me unkindly.—I ſhould think, ſaid the lady, he is not likely. I blush'd in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel to analyſe—Excuſe me, Madam, replied I—I treated him moſt unkindly; and from no provocations—'Tis impoſſible, ſaid the lady.—My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of aſſeveration which ſeemed not to belong to him—the fault was in me, and in the indiſcretion of my zeal—The lady oppoſed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impoſſible, that a ſpirit ſo regulated as his, could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered ſo ſweet and pleaſurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it. We remained ſilent, without any ſenſation of that foolish pain which takes place, when in ſuch a circle

you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubb'd his horn box upon the sleeve of his tunic; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction—he made a low bow, and said, 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest—but be it as it would—he begg'd we might exchange boxes—In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kiss'd it—with a stream of good nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom—and took his leave.

I guard this box, as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better: in truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up, by it, the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the justlings of the world. They had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tendereſt of passions, he abandon'd the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent, as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits, as I am going to add, that in my last return through

Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but according to his deſire, in a little cometery belonging to it, about two leagues off. I had a ſtrong deſire to ſee where they had laid him—when, upon pulling out his little horn box, as I ſat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no buſineſs to grow there, they all ſtruck together ſo forcibly upon my affections, that I burſt into a flood of tears—but I am as weak as a woman: and I beg the world not to ſmile, but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it ſo long, that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without firſt preſſing it to my lips: the blood and ſpirits, which had ſuffer'd a revulſion from her, crowded back to her, as I did it.

Now the two travellers who had ſpoke to me in the coach-yard, happening at that criſis to be paſſing by, and obſerving our communications, naturally took it into their heads, that we muſt be *man and wife* at leaſt; ſo, ſtopping as ſoon as they came up to the door of the Remiſe, the one of them, who

was the inquiſitive traveller, ask'd us, if we ſet out for Paris the next morning?—I could only anſwer for myſelf, I ſaid; and the lady added, ſhe was for Amiens. We dined there yeſterday, ſaid the ſimple traveller—You go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris. I was going to return a thouſand thanks for the intelligence, *that Amiens was in the road to Paris*; but, upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn box to take a pinch of ſnuff—I made them a quiet bow, and wishing them a good paſſage to Dover—they left us alone—

—Now where would be the harm, ſaid I to myſelf, if I was to beg of this diſtreſſed lady to accept of half of my chaiſe?—and what mighty miſchief could enſue?

Every dirty paſſion, and bad propenſity in my nature, took the alarm, as I ſtated the propoſition—It will oblige you to have a third horſe, ſaid AVARICE, which will put twenty livres out of your pocket.—You know not who she is, ſaid CAUTION—or what ſcrapes the affair may draw you into, whiſper'd COWARDICE—

Depend upon it, Yorick! ſaid DISCRETION, 'twill be ſaid you went off with a miſtreſs, and came by aſſignation to Calais for that purpoſe—

—You can never after, cried HYPOCRISY aloud, ſhew your face in the world—or riſe, quoth MEANNESS, in the church—or be any

thing in it, ſaid PRIDE, but a louſy prebendary.

—But 'tis a civil thing, ſaid I—and as I generally act from the firſt impulſe, and therefore ſeldom liſten to theſe cabals, which ſerve no purpoſe, that I know of, but to encompaſs the heart with adamant—I turn'd inſtantly about to the lady—

But she had glided off unperceived, as the cauſe was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the ſtreet, by the time I had made my determination; ſo I ſet after her with a long ſtride, to make her the propoſal with the beſt addreſs I was maſter of; but obſerving she walk'd with her cheek half reſting upon the palm of her hand—with the ſlow, short meaſur'd ſtep of thoughtfulneſs, and with her eyes, as she went ſtep by ſtep, fix'd upon the ground, it ſtruck me, she was trying the ſame cauſe herſelf.—God help her! ſaid I, she has ſome mother-in-law, or tartufish aunt, or nonſenſical old woman, to conſult upon the occaſion, as well as myſelf: ſo not caring to interrupt the *proceſs*, and deeming it more gallant to take her at diſcretion than by ſurprize, I faced about, and took a short turn or two before the door of the Remiſe, whilſt she walk'd muſing on one ſide.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

HAVING, on first sight of the lady, settled the affair in my fancy, « that she was » of the better order of beings »—and then laid it down as a second axiom, as indisputable as the first, that she was a widow, and wore a character of distress—I went no further; I got ground enough for the situation which pleased me—and had she remained close beside my elbow till midnight, I should have held true to my system, and considered her only under that general idea.

She had scarce got twenty paces distant from me, ere something within me called out for particular inquiry—it brought on the idea of a further separation—I might possibly never see her more—the heart is for saving what it can; and I wanted the traces thro' which my wishes might find their way to her, in case I should never rejoin her myself: in a word, I wish'd to know her name—her family's—her condition; and as I knew the place to which she was going, I wanted to know from whence she came: but there was no coming at all this intelligence; a hundred little delicacies stood in the way. I form'd a score different plans There was no such thing as a man's asking her directly—the thing was impossible.

A little French *debonnaire* Captain, who came dancing down the ſtreet, ſhewed me, it was the eaſieſt thing in the world; for popping in betwixt us, juſt as the lady was returning back to the door of the Remiſe, he introduced himſelf to my acquaintance, and before he had well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honour to preſent him to the lady—I had not been preſented myſelf—ſo turning about to her, he did it juſt as well by asking her, if ſhe had come from Paris?—No: ſhe was going that rout, ſhe ſaid.—*Vous n'êtes pas de Londres?*—ſhe was not, ſhe replied—Then Madame muſt have come thro' Flanders.—*Apparemment vous êtes Flamande?* ſaid the French captain.—The lady anſwered, ſhe was.—*Peut-être de Lille?* added he—She ſaid, ſhe was not of Liſle.—Nor Arras?—nor Cambray?—nor Ghent?—nor Bruſſels? She anſwered, ſhe was of Bruſſels.

He had had the honour, he ſaid, to be at the bombardment of it laſt war—that it was finely ſituated *pour çela*—and full of nobleſſe when the Imperialiſts were driven out by the French—(the lady made a ſlight curtſy)—ſo giving her an account of the affair, and of the ſhare he had had in it—he begg'd the honour to know her name—ſo made his bow.

—*Et Madame a ſon Mari?*—ſaid he, looking back, when he had made two ſteps—

and without ſtaying for an anſwer—danced down the ſtreet.

Had I ſerved ſeven years apprenticeship to good breeding, I could not have done as much.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

As the little French captain left us, Monſ. Deſſein came up with the key of the Remiſe in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaiſes.

The firſt object which caught my eye, as Monſ. Deſſein open'd the door of the Remiſe, was another old tatter'd *Deſobligeant*: and notwithſtanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy ſo much in the coach-yard but an hour before—the very ſight of it ſtirr'd up a diſagreeable ſenſation within me now; and I thought 'twas a churliſh beaſt into whoſe heart the idea could firſt enter, to conſtruct ſuch a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of uſing it.

I obſerved the lady was as little taken with it as myſelf: ſo Monſ. Deſſein led us on to a couple of chaiſes which ſtood abreaſt; telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchaſed by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no further than Paris, ſo were in all reſpects as good as new—They were too good—

ſo I paſs'd to a third, which ſtood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price—But'twill ſcarce hold two, ſaid I, opening the door and getting in—Have the goodneſs, Madam, ſaid Monſ. Deſſein, offering his arm, to ſtep in—The lady heſitated half a ſecond, and ſtepp'd in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to ſpeak to Monſ. Deſſein, he ſhut the door of the chaiſe upon us, and left us.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

C'EST bien comique, 'tis very droll, ſaid the lady ſmiling, from the reflection that this was the ſecond time we had been left together by a parcel of nonſenſical contingencies—*c'eſt bien comique*, ſaid she—

—There wants nothing, ſaid I, to make it ſo, but the comic uſe which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to—to make love the firſt moment, and an offer of his perſon the ſecond.

'Tis their *fort*, replied the lady.

It is ſuppoſed ſo at leaſt—and how it has come to paſs, continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of underſtanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation upon earth: but for my own part, I think them errant bunglers, and in truth the worſt ſet of markſmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

—To think of making love by *ſentiments*!

I ſhould as ſoon think of making a genteel ſuit of clothes out of remnants :—and to do it—pop—at firſt ſight by declaration—is ſubmitting the offer, and themſelves with it, to be ſifted, with all their *pour* and *contre*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended as if ſhe expected I ſhould go on.

Conſider then, madam, continued I, laying my hand upon her's—

That grave people hate Love for the name's ſake—

That ſelfiſh people hate it for their own—

Hypocrites for heaven's—

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worſe frighten'd than hurt by the very report—What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, whoever lets the word come out of his lips, till an hour or two at leaſt after the time, that his ſilence upon it becomes tormenting. A courſe of ſmall, quiet attentions, not ſo pointed as to alarm—nor ſo vague as to be miſunderſtood—with now and then a look of kindneſs, and little or nothing ſaid upon it—leaves Nature for your miſtreſs, and ſhe faſhions it to her mind—

Then I ſolemnly declare, ſaid the lady, blushing—you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

MONSIEUR Deſſein came back to let us out of the chaiſe, and acquaint the lady, the Count de L—, her brother, was juſt arrived at the hôtel. Though I had infinite good-will for the lady, I cannot ſay, that I rejoiced in my heart at the event—and could not help telling her ſo—for it is fatal to a propoſal, madam, ſaid I, that I was going to make to you—

—You need not tell me what the propoſal was, ſaid ſhe, laying her hand upon both mine, as ſhe interrupted me.—A man, my good Sir, has ſeldom an offer of kindne[illegible] to make to a woman, but ſhe has a preſentiment of it ſome moments before—

Nature arms her with it, ſaid I, for immediate preſervation.—But I think, ſaid ſhe, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend—and, to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it.—If I had—(ſhe ſtopped a moment)—I believe your good-will would have drawn a ſtory from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In ſaying this, ſhe ſuffered me to kiſs her hand twice, and with a look of ſenſibility, mixed with a concern, ſhe got out of the chaiſe—and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finished a twelve-guinea bargain ſo expeditiouſly in my life: my time ſeemed heavy upon the loſs of the lady, and knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myſelf into motion—I ordered poſt-horſes directly, and walked towards the hôtel.

Lord! ſaid I, hearing the town-clock ſtrike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a ſingle hour in Calais—

—What a large volume of adventures may be graſped within this little ſpan of life by him who intereſts his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to ſee, what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, miſſes nothing he can fairly lay his hands on.—

—If this won't turn out ſomething—another will—no matter—'tis an eſſay upon human nature—I get my labour for my pains—'tis enough—the pleaſure of the experiment has kept my ſenſes, and the beſt part of my blood awake, and laid the groſs to ſleep.

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, and cry, 'tis all barren—and ſo it is; and ſo is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits its offers. I declare, ſaid I, clapping my hands cheerily

together, that was I in a deſert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections.—If I could do no better, I would faſten them upon ſome ſweet myrtle, or ſeek ſome melancholy cypreſs to connect myſelf to—I would court their ſhade, and greet them kindly for their protection—I would cut my name upon them, and ſwear they were the loveliest trees throughout the deſert: if their leaves wither'd, I would teach myſelf to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned SMELFUNGUS travelled from Boulogne to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and ſo on—but he ſet out with the ſpleen and jaundice, and every object he paſs'd by, was diſcoloured or diſtorted—He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miſerable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon—he was juſt coming out of it —*'Tis nothing but a huge cock-pit*, * ſaid he —I wiſh you had ſaid nothing worſe of the Venus of Medicis, replied I—for in paſſing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddeſs, and had uſed her worſe than a common ſtrumpet, without the leaſt provocation in nature.

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a ſad tale of ſorrowful adventures he had to tell, « where-

* *Vide S—'s Travels.*

» in he ſpoke of moving accidents by flood » and field, and of the Cannibals which » each other eat: the Anthropophagi » *—he had been flea'd alive, and bedevil'd, and uſed worſe than St. Bartholomew, at every ſtage he had come at—

—I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world. You had better tell it, ſaid I, to your phyſician.

Mundungus, with an immenſe fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples—from Naples to Venice—from Venice to Vienna—to Dreſden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleaſurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travelled ſtraight on, looking neither to his right hand or his left, leſt Love or Pity ſhould ſeduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but heaven itſelf, was it poſſible to get there with ſuch tempers, would want objects to give it—every gentle ſpirit would come flying upon the wings of Love to hail their arrival—Nothing would the ſouls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but fresh anthems of joy, fresh raptures of love, and fresh congratulations of their common felicity—I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work; and was the happieſt manſion in heaven to be alloted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would

* *Othello.*

be ſo far from being happy, that the ſouls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity.

MONTRIUL.

I HAD once loſt my portmanteau from behind my chaiſe, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the poſtillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting—Nor was it till I got to Montriul, upon the landlord's asking me if I wanted not a ſervant, that it occurred to me, that that was the very thing.

A ſervant! That I do moſt ſadly, quoth I—Becauſe, Monſieur, ſaid the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to ſerve an Englishman—But why an English one, more than any other?—They are ſo generous, ſaid the landlord—I'll be ſhot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myſelf, this very night—But they have wherewithal to be ſo, Monſieur, added he—It was but laſt night, ſaid the landlord, *qu'un Mylord Anglois préſentoit un écu à la fille de chambre—Tant pis, pour Madlle Jeanneton*, ſaid I.

Now Jeanneton being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord ſuppoſing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I ſhould not have ſaid *tant pis*—

but, *tant mieux. Tant mieux, toujours, Monſieur*, ſaid he, when there is any thing to be got—*tant pis*, when there is nothing. It comes to the ſame thing, ſaid I. *Pardonnez-moi*, ſaid the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to obſerve, once for all, that *tant pis*, and *tant mieux*, being two of the great hinges in French converſation, a ſtranger would do well to ſet himſelf right in the uſe of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French Marquis, at our ambaſſador's table, demanded of Mr. H—, if he was H—the poet? No, ſaid H—mildly—*Tant pis*, replied the Marquis.

It is H—the hiſtorian, ſaid another—*Tant mieux*, ſaid the Marquis. And Mr. H—, who is a man of an excellent heart, return'd thanks for both.

When the landlord had ſet me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had ſpoke of—ſaying only firſt, that as for his talents, he would preſume to ſay nothing. —Monſieur was the beſt judge what would ſuit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would ſtand reſponſible in all he was worth.

The landlord deliver'd this in a manner which inſtantly ſet my mind to the buſineſs I was upon—and La Fleur, who ſtood waiting without, in the breathleſs expectation

which every ſon of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTRIUL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at firſt ſight; but never more ſo, than when a poor devil comes to offer his ſervice to ſo poor a devil as myſelf; and as I know this weakneſs, I always ſuffer my judgment to draw back ſomething on that very account—and this more or leſs, according to the mood I am in, and the caſe—and I may add the gender too, of the perſon I am to govern.

When La Fleur enter'd the room, after every diſcount I could make for my ſoul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; ſo I hired him firſt—and then began to inquire what he could do: But I ſhall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them—beſides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

Now poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do; and can't ſay my weakneſs was ever ſo inſulted by my wiſdom, as in the attempt.

La Fleur had ſet out early in life, as gallantly as moſt Frenchmen do, with *ſerving* for a few years; at the end of which, ha-

ving ſatisfied the ſentiment, and found moreover, that the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it open'd no further track of glory to him—he retired *à ſes termes*, and lived, *comme il plaiſoit à Dieu*—that is to ſay, upon nothing.

—And ſo, quoth *Wiſdom*, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of yours thro' France and Italy! Pſha! ſaid I, and do not one half of our gentry go with a hum-drum *compagnon du voyage* the ſame round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay beſides: When a man can extricate himſelf with an *equivoque* in ſuch an unequal march—he is not ill off—But you can do ſomething elſe, La Fleur? ſaid I—*O qu'oui!*—he could make ſpatterdashes, and play a little on the fiddle—Bravo! ſaid Wiſdom—Why, I play a baſs myſelf, ſaid I—we ſhall do very well—You can ſhave, and dreſs a wig a little, La Fleur!—He had all the diſpoſitions in the world—It is enough for heaven! ſaid I, interrupting him—and ought to be enough for me—So ſupper coming in, and having a friſky English ſpaniel on one ſide of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other—I was ſatisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as ſatisfied as I was.

MONTRIUL.

As La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the ſtage, I muſt intereſt the reader a little further in his behalf, by ſaying, that I had never leſs reaſon to repent of the impulſes which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow—he was a faithful, affectionate, ſimple ſoul as ever trudged after the heels of a philoſopher; and notwithſtanding his talents of drum-beating and ſpatterdash-making, which, though very good in themſelves, happen'd to be of no very great ſervice to me, yet was I hourly recompenſed by the feſtivity of his temper—it ſupplied all defects—I had a conſtant reſource in his looks, in all difficulties and diſtreſſes of my own—I was going to have added, of his too; but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for whether 'twas hunger, or thirſt, or cold, or nakedneſs, or watchings, or whatever ſtripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his phyſiognomy to point them out by—he was eternally the ſame; ſo that if I am a piece of a philoſopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am—it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional phi-

loſophy of this poor fellow, for shaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a ſmall caſt of the coxcomb—but he ſeemed at firſt ſight to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him—he ſeemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTRIUL.

THE next morning La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half a dozen shirts and ſilk pair of breeches; and bid him faſten all upon the chaiſe—get the horſes put to—and deſired the landlord to come in with his bill.

C'eſt un garçon de bonne fortune, ſaid the landlord, pointing through the window to half a dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were moſt kindly taking their leave of him, as the poſtillion was leading out the horſes. La Fleur kiſſed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promiſed he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

The young fellow, ſaid the landlord, is beloved by all the town, and there is ſcarce a corner in Montriul where the want of him will not be felt: he has but one misfortune in the world, continued he,

« He is always in love ».—I am heartily glad of it, ſaid I—'twill ſave me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In ſaying this, I was making not ſo much La Fleur's eloge, as my own, having been in love with one princeſs or another almoſt all my life, and I hope I ſhall go on ſo, till I die, being firmly perſuaded, that if ever I do a mean action, it muſt be in ſome interval between one paſſion and another: whilſt this *interregnum* laſts, I always perceived my heart locked up—I can ſcarce find in it to give Miſery a ſixpence; and therefore I always get out of it as faſt as I can, and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generoſity and good will again; and would do any thing in the world, either for, or with any one, if they will but ſatisfy me, there is no ſin in it.

—But in ſaying this—ſurely I am commending the paſſion—not myſelf.

A FRAGMENT.

—THE town of Abdera, notwithſtanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vileſt and moſt profligate town in all Thrace. What for poiſons, conſpiracies and aſſaſſinations—libels, paſquinades and tumults, there was no going there by day—'twas worſe by night.

Now, when things were at the worſt,

it came to paſs, that the Andromeda of Euripides being repreſented at Abdera, the whole orcheſtra was delighted with it: but of all the paſſages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations, than the tender ſtrokes of nature which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic ſpeech of Perſeus,

O Cupid, prince of God and men, &c.

Every man almoſt ſpoke pure iambics the next day, and talk'd of nothing but Perſeus his pathetic addreſs—« O Cupid! prince of » God and men »—in every ſtreet of Abdera, in every houſe—« O Cupid! Cupid! »—In every mouth, like the natural notes of ſome ſweet melody which drops from it, whether it will or no—nothing but « Cupid! » Cupid! prince of God and men »—The fire caught—and the whole city, like the heart of one man, opened it ſelf to Love.

No pharmacopoliſt could ſell one grain of hellebore—not a ſingle armourer had a heart to forge one inſtrument of death—Friendſhip and Virtue met together, and kiſs'd each other in the ſtreet—the golden age return'd, and hung o'er the town of Abdera—every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitiſh woman left her purple web, and chaſtely ſat her down and liſten'd to the ſong.

'Twas only in the power, ſays the Frag-

ment, of the God whoſe empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the ſea, to have done this.

MONTRIUL.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is diſputed and paid for in the inn, unleſs you are a little ſour'd by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaiſe; and that is with the ſons and daughters of poverty, who ſurround you. Let no man ſay, « let them go to the devil »—'tis a cruel journey to ſend a few miſerables, and they have had ſufferings enow without it: I always think it better to take a few ſous out in my hand; and I would counſel every gentle traveller to do ſo likewiſe: he need not be ſo exact in ſetting down his motives for giving them—they will be regiſter'd elſewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives ſo little as I do; for few that I know have ſo little to give: but as this was the firſt public act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way! ſaid I, I have but eight ſous in the world, ſhewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd ſoul, without a ſhirt on,

inſtantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two ſteps out of the circle, and making a diſqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the ſentiment of a deference for the ſex with half the effect.

Juſt heaven! for what wiſe reaſon haſt thou order'd it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at ſuch variance in other countries, ſhould find a way to be at unity in this?

—I inſiſted upon preſenting him with a ſingle ſous, merely for his *politeſſe*.

A poor little dwarfiſh briſk fellow, who ſtood over-againſt me in the circle, putting ſome thing firſt under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his ſnuff-box out of his pocket, and generouſly offered a pinch on both ſides of him: it was a gift of conſequence, and modeſtly declined—The poor little fellow preſs'd it upon them with a nod of welcomneſs—*Prenez-en—prenez*, ſaid he, looking another way; ſo they each took a pinch—Pity thy box ſhould ever want one! ſaid I to myſelf; ſo I put a couple of ſous into it—taking a ſmall pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it—He felt the weight of the ſecond obligation more than that of the firſt—'twas doing him an honour—the other was only doing him a charity—and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

—Here!

—Here! ſaid I to an old ſoldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the ſervice—here's a couple of ſous for thee—*Vive le Roi!* ſaid the old ſoldier.

I had then but three ſous left: ſo I gave one, ſimply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begg'd—The poor woman had a diſlocated hip; ſo it could not be well, upon any other motive.

Mon cher & très-charitable Monſieur—There's no oppoſing this, ſaid I.

My Lord Anglois—the very ſound was worth the money—ſo I gave *my laſt ſous for it.* But in the eagerneſs of giving, I had overlook'd a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to ask a ſous for him, and who, I believed, would have perish'd ere he could have ask'd one for himſelf: he ſtood by the chaiſe a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had ſeen better days—Good God! ſaid I—and I have not one ſingle ſous left to give him—But you have a thouſand! cried all the powers of nature, ſtirring within me—ſo I gave him—no matter what—I am aſhamed to ſay *how much*, now—and was aſhamed to think how little, then: ſo if the reader can form any conjecture of my diſpoſition, as theſe two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the preciſe ſum.

I could afford nothing for the reſt, but *Dieu vous béniſſe—Et le bon Dieu vous béniſſe*

encore—ſaid the old ſoldier, the dwarf, *&c.* The *pauvre honteux* could ſay nothing—he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thank'd me more than them all.

THE BIDET.

HAVING ſettled all theſe little matters I got into my poſt-chaiſe with more eaſe than ever I got into a poſt-chaiſe in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far ſide of a little *bidet* * and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs)—he canter'd away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince.—

—But what is happineſs! what is grandeur in this painted ſcene of life? A dead aſs, before we had got a league, put a ſudden ſtop to La Fleur's career—his bidet would not paſs by it—A contention aroſe betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots the very firſt kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French Chriſtian, ſaying neither more or leſs upon it, than, Diable! ſo preſently got up, and came to the charge again aſtride his bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The bidet flew from one ſide of the road to the other, then back again—then this way—then that way, and in ſhort every way but by the dead aſs.

* *Poſt-horſe.*

La Fleur inſiſted upon the thing—and the bidet threw him.

What's the matter, La Fleur, ſaid I, with this bidet of thine?—*Monſieur*, ſaid he, *c'eſt un cheval le plus opiniâtre du monde*—Nay, if he is a conceited beaſt, he muſt go his own way, replied I—ſo La Fleur got off him, and giving him a good ſound laſh, the bidet took me at my word, and away he ſcamper'd back to Montriul.—*Peſte!* ſaid La Fleur.

It is not *mal à propos* to take notice here, that tho' La Fleur availed himſelf but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter—namely, *Diable!* and *Peſte!* that there are nevertheleſs three, in the French language; like the poſitive, comparative, and ſuperlative, one or the other of which ſerve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

Le Diable! which is the firſt and poſitive degree, is generally uſed upon ordinary emotions of the mind, where ſmall things only fall out contrary to your expectations—ſuch as—the throwing once doublets—La Fleur's being kick'd off his horſe, and ſo forth—cuckoldom, for the ſame reaſon, is always—*Le Diable!*

But in caſes where the caſt has ſomething provoking in it, as in that of the bidet's running away after, and leaving La Fleur aground in jackboots—'tis the ſecond degree.

'Tis then *Peſte!*

And for the third.—

But here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miſeries muſt have been their lot, and how bitterly ſo refined a people muſt have ſmarted, to have forced them upon the uſe of it.—

Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in diſtreſs!—whatever is my *caſt*, grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way.

But as theſe were not to be had in France, I reſolved to take every evil juſt as it befel me, without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur, who had made no ſuch covenant with himſelf, followed the bidet with his eyes, till it was got out of ſight—and then, you may imagine, if you pleaſe, with what word he cloſed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frighten'd horſe in jack-boots, there remained no alternative, but taking La Fleur either behind the chaiſe, or into it.—

I preferred the latter, and in half an hour we got to the poſt-houſe at Nampont.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

—AND this, ſaid he, putting the remains of a cruſt into his wallet—and this ſhould

have been thy portion, ſaid he, hadſt thou been alive to have ſhared it with me.—I thought, by the accent, it had been an apoſtrophe to his child; but 'twas to his aſs, and to the very aſs we had ſeen dead in the road, which had occaſioned La Fleur's miſadventure. The man ſeemed to lament it much; and it inſtantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was ſitting upon a ſtone-bench at the door, with the aſs's pannel and its bridle on one ſide, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—look'd at them, and ſhook his head. He then took his cruſt of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it ſometime in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his aſs's bridle—looked wiſtfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a ſigh.

The ſimplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongſt the reſt, whilſt the horſes were getting ready; as I continued ſitting in the poſt-chaiſe, I could ſee and hear over their heads.

—He ſaid he had come laſt from Spain, where he had been from the furtheſt borders of Franconia; and had got ſo far on his return home, when his aſs died. Every one ſeem'd deſirous to know what buſineſs could have taken ſo old and poor a man ſo far a journey from his own home.

It had pleaſed Heaven, he ſaid, to bleſs him with three ſons, the fineſt lads in all Germany; but having in one week loſt two of the eldeſt of them by the ſmall-pox, and the youngeſt falling ill of the ſame diſtemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him alſo, he would go, in gratitude, to St Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his ſtory, he ſtopp'd to pay nature her tribute —and wept bitterly.

He ſaid Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had ſet out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the ſame bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who ſtood about, heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money.—The mourner ſaid, he did not want it—it was not the value of the aſs—but the loſs of him.—The aſs, he ſaid, he was aſſured, loved him—and upon this, told them a long ſtory of a miſchance upon their paſſage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had ſeparated them from each other three days; during which time, the aſs had ſought him as much as he had ſought the aſs, and that they had neither ſcarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou haſt one comfort, friend, ſaid I,

at leaſt, in the loſs of thy poor beaſt; I'm ſure thou haſt been a merciful maſter to him—Alas! ſaid the mourner, I thought ſo, when he was alive—but now that he is dead, I think otherwiſe.—I fear the weight of myſelf, and my afflictions together, have been too much for him—they have ſhortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to anſwer for.—Shame on the world! ſaid I to myſelf—Did we love each other, as this poor ſoul but loved his aſs—'twould be ſomething.—

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILLION.

THE concern which the poor fellow's ſtory threw me into, required ſome attention: the poſtillion paid not the leaſt to it, but ſet off upon the *pavé* in a full gallop.

The thirſtieſt ſoul in the moſt ſandy deſert of Arabia could not have wished more for a cup of cold water, than mine did for grave and quiet movements; and I ſhould have had an high opinion of the poſtillion, had he but ſtolen off with me in ſomething like a penſive pace—On the contrary, as the mourner finiſhed his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling laſh to each of his beaſts, and ſet off clattering like a thouſand devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for heaven's ſake to go ſlower—and the louder I

called, the more unmercifully he galloped.—The deuce take him and his galloping too—ſaid I—he'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces, till he has worked me into a foolish paſſion, and then he'll go ſlow, that I may enjoy the ſweets of it.

The poſtillion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a ſteep hill about half a league from Nampont,—he had put me out of temper with him—and then with myſelf, for being ſo.

My caſe then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real ſervice to me.—

—Then, prithee, get on—get on, my good lad, ſaid I.

The poſtillion pointed to the hill—I then tried to return back to the ſtory of the poor German and his aſs—but I had broke the clue—and could no more get into it again, than the poſtillion could into a trot.—

—The deuce go, ſaid I, with it all! Here am I ſitting as candidly diſpoſed to make the beſt of the worſt, as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one ſweet lenitive at leaſt for evils, which Nature holds out to us; ſo I took it kindly at her hands, and fell aſleep; and the firſt word which rouſed me was *Amiens*.

—Bleſs me! ſaid I, rubbing my eyes—this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

AMIENS.

THE words were ſcarce out of my mouth, when the Count de L***'s poſt-chaiſe with his ſiſter in it, drove haſtily by: she had juſt time to make me a bow of recognition—and of that particular kind of it, which told me she had not yet done with me. She was as good as her look; for, before I had quite finished my ſupper, her brother's ſervant came into the room with a billet, in which, she ſaid, she had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to preſent myſelf to Madame R*** the firſt morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, she was ſorry, but from what *penchant* she had not conſidered, that she had been prevented telling me her ſtory—that she ſtill owed it me; and if my rout ſhould ever lay through Bruſſels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L***—that Madame de L*** would be glad to diſcharge her obligation.

Then I will meet thee, ſaid I, fair ſpirit! at Bruſſels—'tis only returning from Italy through Germany to Holland, by the rout of Flanders, home—'twill ſcarce be ten poſts out of my way; but were it ten thouſand! with what a moral delight will it crown my journey, in sharing in the ſickening incidents of a tale of miſery told to me by ſuch

a ſufferer? to ſee her weep! and though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquiſite ſenſation is there ſtill left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the firſt and faireſt of women, as I'm ſitting with my handkerchief in my hand in ſilence the whole night beſide her?

There was nothing wrong in the ſentiment; and yet I inſtantly reproached my heart with it in the bittereſt and moſt reprobate of expreſſions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the ſingular bleſſings of my life, to be almoſt every hour of it miſerably in love with ſome one; and my laſt flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealouſy on the ſudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afreſh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before—ſwearing as I did it, that it ſhould laſt me through the whole journey—Why ſhould I diſſemble the matter? I had ſworn to her eternal fidelity—ſhe had a right to my whole heart—to divide my affections was to leſſen them—to expoſe them, was to riſk them: where there is riſk, there may be loſs:—and what wilt thou have, Yorick! to anſwer to a heart ſo full of truſt and confidence—ſo good, ſo gentle and unreproaching?

—I will not go to Bruſſels, replied I, interrupting myſelf—but my imagination went on—I recall'd her looks at that criſis of our

ſeparation, when neither of us had power to ſay adieu! I look'd at the picture she had tied in a black ribband about my neck—and blush'd as I look'd at it—I would have given the world to have kiſs'd it,—but was ashamed.—And shall this tender flower, ſaid I, preſſing it between my hands—shall it be ſmitten to its very root—and ſmitten, Yorick! by thee, who haſt promiſed to shelter it in thy breaſt?

Eternal Fountain of happineſs! ſaid I, kneeling down upon the ground—be thou my witneſs—and every pure ſpirit which taſtes it, be thou my witneſs alſo, that I would not travel to Bruſſels, unleſs Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards heaven.

In tranſports of this kind, the heart, in ſpite of the underſtanding, will always ſay too much.

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

FORTUNE had not ſmiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unſucceſsful in his feats of chivalry—and not one thing had offer'd to ſignalize his zeal for my ſervice from the time he had enter'd into it, which was almoſt four-and-twenty hours.——The poor ſoul burn'd with impatience; and the Count de L***'s ſervant, coming with the letter, being

the firſt practicable occaſion which offered; La Fleur had laid hold of it; and in order to do honour to his maſter, had taken him into a back parlour in the Auberge, and treated him with a cup or two of the beſt wine in Picardy; and the Count de L***'s ſervant in return, and not to be behind-hand in politeneſs with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hôtel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a paſſport in his very looks) ſoon ſet every ſervant in the kitchen at eaſe with him; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no ſort of prudery in ſhewing them, La Fleur, in leſs than five minutes, had pull'd out his fife, and leading off the dance himſelf with the firſt note, ſet the *fille de Chambre*, the *Maître d'hôtel*, the cook, the ſcullion, and all the houſehold, dogs and cats, beſides an old monkey, a-dancing: I ſuppoſe there never was a merrier kitchen ſince the flood.

Madame de L***, in paſſing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing ſo much jollity below ſtairs, rung up her *fille de Chambre* to ask about it; and hearing it was the English gentleman's ſervant who had ſet the whole houſe merry with his pipe, she order'd him up.

As the poor fellow could not preſent himſelf empty, he had loaden'd himſelf in going up ſtairs with a thouſand compliments to

Madame de L***, on the part of his maſter —added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L***'s health—told her, that Monſieur his maſter was *au déſeſpoir* for her re-eſtabliſhment from the fatigues of her journey—and, to cloſe all, that Monſieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour—And he has done me the honour, ſaid Madame de L***, interrupting La Fleur, to ſend a billet in return.

Madame de L*** had ſaid this with ſuch a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to diſappoint her expectations—he trembled for my honour—and poſſibly might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attached to a maſter who could be wanting *en égards vis-à-vis d'une femme*; ſo that when Madame de L*** asked La Fleur if he had brought a letter—*Oh qu'oui*, ſaid La Fleur: ſo laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right-ſide pocket with his left hand, he began to ſearch for the letter with his right—then contrary-wiſe—*Diable!* —then ſought every pocket—pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob—*Peſte!* —then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor —pulled out a dirty cravat—a handkerchief —a comb—a whip-lash— a night-cap—then gave a peep into his hat—*Quelle étourderie!* He had left the letter upon the table in the Auberge—he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had juſt finished my ſupper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole ſtory ſimply as it was: and only added, that if Monſieur had forgot (*par hazard*) to anſwer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas*—and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now I was not altogether ſure of my *étiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had—a devil himſelf could not have been angry: 'twas but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; and however he might have miſtook the road—or embarraſſed me in ſo doing—his heart was in no fault—I was under no neceſſity to write—and what weighed more than all—he did not look as if he had done amiſs.

—'Tis all very well, La Fleur, ſaid I.—'Twas ſufficient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightning, and return'd with pen, ink, and paper, in his hand; and coming up to the table, laid them cloſe before me, with ſuch a delight in his countenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I begun and begun again; and though I had nothing to ſay, and that nothing might have been expreſs'd in half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings, and could no way pleaſe myſelf.

In ſhort I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur ſtept out and brought a little water in a glaſs to dilute my ink—then fetch'd ſand and ſeal-wax—It was all one: I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again—*Le Diable l'emporte!* ſaid I half to myſelf—I cannot write this ſelf-ſame letter; throwing the pen down deſpairingly as I ſaid it.

As ſoon as I had caſt down the pen, La Fleur advanced with the moſt reſpectful carriage up to the table, and making a thouſand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durſt ſay, would ſuit the occaſion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour—Then prithee, ſaid I, let me ſee it.

La Fleur inſtantly pull'd out a little dirty pocket-book cramm'd full of ſmall letters and billet-doux in a ſad condition, and laying it upon the table, and then untying the ſtring which held them all together, run them over one by one, till he came to the letter in queſtion—*La voilà!* ſaid he, clapping his hands; ſo unfolding it firſt, he laid it before me, and retired three ſteps from the table whilſt I read it.

THE LETTER.

MADAME,

JE ſuis pénétré de la douleur la plus vive, & reduit en même temps au déſeſpoir par ce retour imprévu du Corporal, qui rend notre entrevue de ce ſoir la choſe du monde la plus impoſſible.

Mais vive la joie! & toute la mienne ſera de penſer à vous.

L'amour n'eſt *rien* ſans ſentiment.

Et le ſentiment eſt encore *moins* ſans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais ſe déſeſpérer.

On dit auſſi que Monſieur le Corporal monte la garde Mercredi: alors ce ſera mon tour.

Chacun a ſon tour.

En attendant—Vive l'amour! & vive la bagatelle!

Je ſuis, MADAME,
Avec tous les ſentimens les plus reſpectueux & les plus tendres tout à vous,

JAQUES ROQUE.

It was but changing the Corporal into the Count—and ſaying nothing about mounting guard on Wedneſday—and the letter was

neither right or wrong—ſo to gratify the poor fellow, who ſtood trembling for my honour, his own, and the honour of his letter,—I took the cream gently off it, and whipping it up in my own way—I ſeal'd it up and ſent him with it to Madame de L***—and the next morning we purſued our journey to Paris.

PARIS.

WHEN a man can conteſt the point by dint of equipage, and carry on all floundering before him with half a dozen lackies and a couple of cooks—'tis very well in ſuch a place as Paris—he may drive in at which end of a ſtreet he will.

A poor prince who is weak in cavalry, and whoſe whole infantry does not exceed a ſingle man, had beſt quit the field; and ſignalize himſelf in the cabinet, if he can get up into it—I ſay *up into it*—for there is no deſcending perpendicular amongſt 'em with a « *Me voici! mes enfans* »—here I am—whatever many may think.

I own my firſt ſenſations, as ſoon as I was left ſolitary and alone in my own chamber in the hôtel, were far from being ſo flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my duſty black coat, and looking through the glaſs, ſaw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running

at the ring of pleaſure—The old with broken lances, and in helmets which had loſt their vizards—the young in armour bright which ſhone like gold, be-plumed with each gay feather of the eaſt—all—all—tilting at it like faſcinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love.—

Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing here? On the very firſt onſet of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom—ſeek—ſeek ſome winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled, or flambeau ſhot its rays—there thou mayeſt ſolace thy ſoul in converſe ſweet with ſome kind *griſſet* of a barber's wife, and get into ſuch coteries!—

—May I periſh! if I do, ſaid I pulling out the letter which I had to preſent to Madame de R***.—I'll wait upon this lady, the very firſt thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go ſeek me a barber directly—and come back, and brush my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

WHEN the barber came, he abſolutely refuſed to have any thing to do with my wig: 'twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do, but to take one ready made of his own recommendation.

—But I fear, friend! ſaid I, this buckle

won't ſtand.—You may immerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will ſtand.—

What a great ſcale is every thing upon in this city! thought I—The utmoſt ſtretch of an English periwig-maker's ideas could have gone no further than to have « dipped » it into a pail of water. »—What difference! 'tis like time to eternity.

I confeſs I do hate all cold conceptions, as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally ſo ſtruck with the great works of nature, that, for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a compariſon leſs than a mountain at leaſt. All that can be ſaid againſt the French ſublime in this inſtance of it, is this—that the grandeur is *more* in the *word*; and *leſs* in the *thing*. No doubt the ocean fills the mind with vaſt ideas, but Paris being ſo far inland, it was not likely I ſhould run poſt a hundred miles out of it, to try the experiment—the Pariſian barber meant nothing.—

The pail of water ſtanding beſide the great deep, makes certainly but a ſorry figure in ſpeech—but 'twill be ſaid—it has one advantage—'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it without more ado, in a ſingle moment.

In honeſt truth, and upon a more candid reviſion of the matter, *the French expreſſion profeſſes more than it performs.*

I think I can ſee the preciſe and diſtin-

guishing marks of national characters more in theſe nonſenſical *minutiæ*, than in the moſt important matters of ſtate; where great men of all nations talk and ſtalk ſo much alike, that I would not give nine-pence to chuſe amongſt them.

I was ſo long in getting from under my barber's hands, that it was too late to think of going with my letter to Madame R*** that night: but when a man is once dreſſed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account: ſo taking down the name of the Hôtel de Modêne where I lodged, I walked forth without any determination where to go—I ſhall conſider of that, ſaid I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL, ye ſmall ſweet courteſies of life for ſmooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at firſt ſight; 'tis ye who open this door and let the ſtranger in.

—Pray, Madame, ſaid I, have the goodneſs to tell me which way I muſt turn to go to the *opera comique*:—Moſt willingly, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, laying aſide her work.—

I had given a caſt with my eye into half a dozen ſhops as I came along, in ſearch of a face not likely to be diſordered by ſuch an

interruption; till at laſt, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she ſat in a low chair, on the far ſide of the ſhop facing the door.—

—*Très-volontiers*: moſt willingly, ſaid she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and riſing up from the low chair she was ſitting in, with ſo chearful a movement and ſo chearful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'or with her, I ſhould have ſaid—« This woman is grateful ».

You muſt turn, Monſieur, ſaid she, going with me to the door of the ſhop, and pointing the way down the ſtreet I was to take —you muſt turn firſt to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns: and be ſo good as to take the ſecond—then go down a little way, and you'll ſee a church, and when you are paſt it, give yourſelf the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont neuf*, which you muſt croſs—and there, any one will do himſelf the pleaſure to ſhew you—

She repeated her inſtructions three times over to me with the ſame good-natured patience the third time as the firſt—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unleſs to hearts which ſhut them out—she ſeem'd really intereſted, that I ſhould not loſe myſelf.

I will not ſuppoſe it was the woman's

beauty, notwithſtanding ſhe was the handſomeſt griſſet, I think, I ever ſaw, which had much to do with the ſenſe I had of her courteſy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks as often as ſhe had done her inſtructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what ſhe had ſaid—ſo looking back, and ſeeing her ſtill ſtanding in the door of the ſhop, as if to look whether I went right or not— I returned back, to ask her whether the firſt turn was to my right or left—for that I had abſolutely forgot.—Is it poſſible! ſaid ſhe, half laughing.—'Tis very poſſible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman, than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth—ſhe took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a ſlight courteſy.

—*Attendez!* ſaid ſhe, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilſt ſhe called a lad out of the back-ſhop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am juſt going to ſend him, ſaid ſhe, with a packet into that quarter, and if you will have the complaiſance to ſtep in, it will be ready in a moment, and he ſhall attend you to the place.—So I walk'd in with her to the far ſide of the ſhop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand which ſhe laid up-

on the chair, as if I had a mind to ſit, ſhe ſat down herſelf in her low chair, and I inſtantly ſat myſelf down beſide her.

—He will be ready, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, in a moment—And in that moment, replied I, moſt willingly would I ſay ſomething very civil to you for all theſe courteſies. Any one may do a caſual act of good nature, but a continuation of them ſhews it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is in the ſame blood which comes from the heart, which deſcends to the extremes (touching her wriſt) I am ſure you muſt have one of the beſt pulſes of any woman in the world—Feel it, ſaid ſhe, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore fingers of my other to the artery.—

—Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadſt paſſed by, and beheld me ſitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-ſical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion, as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever—How wouldſt thou have laugh'd and moralized upon my new profeſſion!—and thou ſhouldſt have laugh'd and moralized on—Truſt me, my dear Eugenius, I ſhould have ſaid, « there are worſe occupa- » tions in this world *than feeling a woman's* » *pulſe* ».—But a Griſſet's! thou wouldſt have ſaid—and in an open ſhop! Yorick—

—So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world ſaw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulſations, and was going on faſt towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the shop, put me a little out in my reckoning—'Twas nobody but her husband, she ſaid—ſo I began a fresh ſcore—Monſieur is ſo good, quoth she, as he paſs'd by us, as to give himſelf the trouble of feeling my pulſe—The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, ſaid I did him too much honour—and having ſaid that, he put on his hat, and walk'd out.

Good God! ſaid I to myſelf, as he went out—and can this man be the husband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few who know what muſt have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to thoſe who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife ſeem to be one bone and one flesh: in the ſeveral endowments of mind and body, ſometimes the one, ſometimes the other has it, ſo as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as a man and wife need to do.

In

In Paris, there are ſcarce two orders of beings more different: for the legiſlative and executive powers of the ſhop not reſting in the husband, he ſeldom comes there—In ſome dark and diſmal room behind, he ſits commerceleſs in his thrum night-cap, the ſame rough ſon of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *ſalique*, having ceded this department, with ſundry others, totally to the women—by a continual higgling with cuſtomers of all ranks and ſizes, from morning to night, like ſo many rough pebbles ſhook long together in a bag, by amicable colliſions they have worn down their aſperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and ſmooth, but will receive, ſome of them, a polish like a brilliant—Monſieur *le Mari*, is little better than the ſtone under your foot.—

—Surely—ſurely, man! it is not good for thee to ſit alone—thou waſt made for ſocial intercourſe and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

—And how does it beat, Monſieur? ſaid she.—With all the benignity, ſaid I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected—She was going to ſay ſomething civil in return—but the lad came into the ſhop with the gloves—*A propos*, ſaid I; I want a couple of pair myſelf.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

THE beautiful Griſſet roſe up when I ſaid this, and going behind the counter, reach'd down a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the ſide over-againſt her; they were all too large. The beautiful Griſſet meaſured them one by one acroſs my hand—It would not alter the dimenſions—She begg'd I would try a ſingle pair, which ſeemed to be the leaſt—She held it open—my hand ſlipp'd into it at once—It will not do, ſaid I, ſhaking my head a little—No, ſaid she, doing the ſame thing.

There are certain combined looks of ſimple ſubtlety—where whim, and ſenſe, and ſerioufneſs, and nonſenſe, are ſo blended, that all the languages of Babel ſet looſe together, could not expreſs them—they are communicated and caught ſo inſtantaneouſly, that you can ſcarce ſay which party is the infecter. I leave it to your men of words to ſwell pages about it—It is enough in the preſent to ſay again, the gloves would not do; ſo, folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter—it was narrow, and there was juſt room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful Griſſet look'd ſometimes at the gloves, then ſide-ways to the window,

then at the gloves—and then at me. I was not diſpoſed to break ſilence—I follow'd her example: ſo I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and ſo on alternately.

I found I loſt conſiderably in every attack—she had a quick black eye, and ſhot through two ſuch long and ſilken eye-lashes with ſuch penetration, that she look'd into my very heart and reins—It may ſeem ſtrange, but I could actually feel she did.—

It is no matter, ſaid I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was ſenſible the beautiful Griſſet had not ask'd above a ſingle livre above the price—I wish'd she had ask'd a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about—Do you think, my dear Sir, ſaid she, miſtaking my embarraſſment, that I could ask a *ſous* too much of a ſtranger—and of a ſtranger whoſe politeneſs, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himſelf at my mercy?—*M'en croyez-vous capable?*—Faith! not I, ſaid I; and if you were, you are welcome—ſo counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a ſhop-keeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was no body in the box I was let into, but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only becauſe I honour the man whoſe manners are ſoftened by a profeſſion which makes bad men worſe; but that I once knew one—for he is no more—and why ſhould I not reſcue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the deareſt of my flock and friends, whoſe philanthropy I never think of, at this long diſtance from his death—but my eyes guſh out with tears. For his ſake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and ſo I ſtrode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myſelf beſide him.

The old officer was reading attentively a ſmall pamphlet, it might be the book of the opera, with a large pair of ſpectacles. As ſoon as I ſat down, he took his ſpectacles off, and putting them into a ſhagreen caſe, return'd them and the book into his pocket together. I half roſe up, and made him a bow.

Tranſlate this into any civilized language in the world—the ſenſe is this:

« Here's a poor ſtranger come into the » box—he ſeems as if he knew no body:

» and is never likely, was he to be ſeven » years in Paris, if every man he comes » near keeps his ſpectacles upon his noſe— » 'tis ſhutting the door of converſation ab- » ſolutely in his face—and uſing him worſe » than a German ».

The French officer might as well have ſaid it all aloud; and if he had, I ſhould in courſe have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him: « I was » ſenſible of his attention, and return'd him » a thouſand thanks for it ».

There is not a ſecret ſo aiding to the progreſs of ſociality, as to get maſter of this *short hand*, and to be quick in rendering the ſeveral turns of looks, and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it ſo mechanically, that when I walk the ſtreets of London, I go tranſlating all the way; and have more than once ſtood behind in the circle, where not three words have been ſaid, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and ſworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was juſt entering the door of the hall, when the Marqueſina di F*** was coming out in a ſort of a hurry —she was almoſt upon me before I ſaw her; ſo I gave a ſpring to one ſide to let her paſs —She had done the ſame, and on the ſame

ſide too; ſo we ran our heads together: ſhe inſtantly got to the other ſide to get out; I was juſt as unfortunate as ſhe had been, for I had ſprung to that ſide, and oppoſed her paſſage again—We both flew together to the other ſide, and then back—and ſo on—it was ridiculous; we both blush'd intolerably; ſo I did, at laſt, the thing I ſhould have done at firſt—I ſtood ſtock ſtill, and the Marqueſina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her ſo much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the paſſage—She look'd back twice, and walk'd along it rather ſide-ways, as if ſhe would make room for any one coming up ſtairs to paſs her—No, ſaid I—that's a vile tranſlation: the Marqueſina has a right to the beſt apology I can make her: and that opening is left for me to do it in—ſo I ran and begg'd pardon for the embarraſſment I had given her, ſaying it was my intention to have made her way. She anſwered, ſhe was guided by the ſame intention towards me—ſo we reciprocally thank'd each other. She was at the top of the ſtairs; and ſeeing no *chichesbee* near her, I begg'd to hand her to her coach—ſo we went down the ſtairs, ſtopping at every third ſtep to talk of the concert and the adventure—Upon my word, Madame, ſaid I, when I had handed her in, I made ſix different efforts to let you go out—And I

made ſix efforts, replied she, to let you enter —I wish to heaven you would make a ſeventh, ſaid I—With all my heart,—ſaid she, making room—Life is too short to be long about the forms of it—ſo I inſtantly ſtepp'd in, and she carried me home with her.—And what became of the concert, St Cecilia, who, I ſuppoſe, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connection which aroſe out of the tranſlation, gave me more pleaſure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I HAD never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was, will probably come out in this chapter; ſo that being pretty much unprepoſſeſſed, there muſt have been grounds for what ſtruck me the moment I caſt my eyes over the *parterre*—and that was, the unaccountable ſport of nature, in forming ſuch numbers of dwarfs—No doubt, she ſports at certain times in almoſt every corner of the world: but in Paris, there is no end to her amuſements—The goddeſs ſeems almoſt as merry as she is wiſe.

As I carried my idea out of the *opera comique* with me, I meaſured every body

I ſaw walking in the ſtreets by it—Melancholy application! eſpecially where the ſize was extremely little—the face extremely dark—the eyes quick—the noſe long—the teeth white—the jaw prominent—to ſee ſo many miſerables, by force of accidents, driven out of their own proper claſs into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down—every third man a pigmy!—ſome by ricketty heads and hump backs;—others by bandy legs— a third ſet arreſted by the hand of Nature in the ſixth and ſeventh years of their growth—a fourth, in their perfect and natural ſtate, like dwarf apple-trees; from the firſt rudiments and ſtamina of their exiſtence, never meant to grow higher.

A medical traveller might ſay, 'tis owing to undue bandages—a ſplenetic one, to want of air—and an inquiſitive traveller, to fortify the ſyſtem, may meaſure the height of their houſes——the narrowneſs of their ſtreets, and in how few feet ſquare in the ſixth and ſeventh ſtories ſuch numbers of the *Bourgeoiſie* eat and ſleep together; but I remember, Mr. Shandy the elder, who accounted for nothing like any body elſe, in ſpeaking one evening of theſe matters, averred, that children, like other animals, might be increaſed almoſt to any ſize, provided they came right into the world; but the miſery was, the citizens of Paris were

ſo coop'd up, that they had not actually room enough to get them—I do not call it getting any thing, ſaid he—'tis getting nothing—Nay, continued he, riſing in his argument, 'tis getting worſe than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty, or five and twenty years of the tendereſt care, and moſt nutricious aliment beſtowed upon it, ſhall not at laſt be as high as my leg. Now, Mr. Shandy being very ſhort, there could be nothing more ſaid upon it.

As this is not a work of reaſoning, I leave the ſolution as I found it, and content myſelf with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and by-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Carouſal to the Palais Royal, and obſerving a little boy in ſome diſtreſs at the ſide of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty—Never mind, ſaid I; ſome good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel ſome little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my ſpecies, who have neither ſize or ſtrength to get on in the world—I cannot bear to ſee one of them trop upon; and had ſcarce got ſeated beſide my old French officer, ere the diſguſt was

exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless being of this order had got thrust some how or other into this luckless place—the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the thing which incommoded him most, was a tall corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of his seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first one side, then the other; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris; so he civilly reach'd up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress—The German turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as Goliah did upon David—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was juſt then taking a pinch of ſnuff out of my monk's little horn-box—And how would thy meek and courteous ſpirit, my dear monk! ſo temper'd to *bear and forbear!*—how ſweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor ſoul's complaint!

The old French officer ſeeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apoſtrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter—I told him the ſtory in three words; and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his firſt tranſports, which are generally unreaſonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife—The German look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury sharpened by an inſult, be it to who it will, makes every man of ſentiment a party: I could have leaped out of the box, to have redreſſed it.—The old French officer did it with much leſs confuſion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a centinel, and pointing at the ſame time with his finger at the diſtreſs—the centinel made his way to it—There was no occaſion to tell the grievance—the thing told itſelf; ſo thruſting back the German inſtantly with his musket—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him—This is noble! ſaid I, clapping my

hands together—And yet you would not permit this, ſaid the old officer, in England.

—In England, dear Sir, ſaid I, *we ſit all at our eaſe.*

The old French officer would have ſet me at unity with myſelf, in caſe I had been at variance,—by ſaying it was a *bon mot*—and as a *bon mot* is always worth ſomething at Paris, he offered me a pinch of ſnuff.

THE ROSE.

PARIS.

It was now my turn to ask the old French officer: « What was the matter? » for a cry of « *Hauſſez les mains, Monſieur l'Abbé,* » re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the *parterre*, was as unintelligible to me, as my apoſtrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me, it was ſome poor Abbé in one of the upper *loges*, who he ſuppoſed had got planted *perdu* behind a couple of griſſets, in order to ſee the opera, and that the *parterre* eſpying him, were inſiſting upon his holding up both his hands during the repreſentation.—And can it be ſuppoſed, ſaid I, that an eccleſiaſtic would pick the Griſſet's pockets? The old French officer ſmiled, and whiſpering in my ear, open'd a door of knowledge which I had no idea of.—

Good God! ſaid I, turning pale with aſtoniſhment—is it poſſible, that a people

ſo ſmit with ſentiment, ſhould at the ſame time be ſo unclean, and ſo unlike themſelves—*Quelle groſſiéreté !* added I.

The French officer told me, it was an illiberal ſarcaſm at the church, which had begun in the theatre about the time the Tartuffe was given in it, by Moliere—but, like other remains of Gothic manners, was declining—Every nation, continued he, have their refinements and *groſſiéretés*, in which they take the lead, and loſe it of one another by turns—that he had been in moſt countries, but never in one where he found not ſome delicacies, which others ſeem to want: *Le* POUR *&* *le* CONTRE *ſe trouvent en chaque nation*; there is a balance, ſaid he, of good and bad every where; and nothing but the knowing it is ſo, can emancipate one half of the world from the prepoſſeſſions which it holds againſt the other—that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *ſçavoir vivre*; was by ſeeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

The old French officer delivered this with an air of ſuch candour and good ſenſe, as coincided with my firſt favourable impreſſions of his character—I thought I loved the man; but I fear I miſtook the object—'twas my own way of thinking—the difference was, I could not have expreſſed it half ſo well.

It is alike troubleſome to both the rider and his beaſt if the latter goes pricking up his ears, and ſtarting all the way at every object which he never ſaw before—I have as little torment of this kind, as any creature alive; and yet I honeſtly confeſs, that many a thing gave me pain, and that I blush'd at many a word the firſt month—which I found inconſequent and perfectly innocent the ſecond.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an acquaintance of about ſix weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town—Of all women, Madame de Rambouliet is the moſt correct; and I never wish to ſee one of more virtues and purity of heart—In our return back, Madame de Rambouliet deſired me to pull the cord—I ask'd her if she wanted any thing —*Rien que pour piſſer*, ſaid Madame de Rambouliet.—

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let Madame de Rambouliet p-ſs on—And, ye fair myſtic nymphs! go each one *pluck your roſe*, and ſcatter them in your path—for Madame de Rambouliet did no more—I handed Madame de Rambouliet out of the coach; and had I been the prieſt of the chaſte CASTALIA, I could not have ſerved at her fountain with a more reſpectful decorum.

END OF VOLUME I.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY

Mr. YORICK.

VOL. II.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS:

WHAT the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his ſon upon the ſame ſubject into my head—and that bringing in Hamlet; and Hamlet, the reſt of Shakeſpear's works, I ſtopped at the Quai de Conti in my return home, to purchaſe the whole ſet.

The bookſeller ſaid he had not a ſet in the world—*Comment!* ſaid I; taking one up out of a ſet which lay upon the counter betwixt us—He ſaid, they were ſent him only to be got bound, and were to be ſent back to Verſailles in the morning to the Count de B——

—And does the Count de B——, ſaid I, read Shakeſpear! *C'eſt un Eſprit fort;* replied the bookſeller.—He loves English books,

and, what is more to his honour, Monſieur, he loves the English too. You ſpeak this ſo civilly, ſaid I, that it is enough to oblige an Englishman to lay out a louis d'or or two at your shop—the bookſeller made a bow, and was going to ſay ſomething, when a young decent girl of about twenty, who by her air and dreſs, ſeemed to be *fille de chambre* to ſome devout woman of fashion, came into the shop. and asked for *Les Egaremens du Cœur & de l'Eſprit* : the bookſeller gave her the book directly; she pulled out a little green ſattin purſe run round with a ribband of the ſame colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money, and paid for it. As I had nothing more to ſtay me in the shop, we both walked out at the door together.

—And what have you to do, my dear, ſaid I, with *The wanderings of the heart*, who ſcarce know yet you have one? nor, till love has firſt told you it, or ſome faithleſs shepherd has made it ache, can'ſt thou ever be ſure it is ſo.——*Dieu m'en garde!* ſaid the girl.—With reaſon, ſaid I—for if it is a good one, it is a pity it should be ſtolen: it is a little treaſure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dreſſed out with pearls.

The young girl liſtened with a ſubmiſſive attention, holding her ſattin purſe by its ribband in her hand all the time.—It is a very

ſmall one, ſaid I, taking hold of the bottom of it—she held it towards me—and there is very little in it, my dear, ſaid I; but be but as good as thou art handſome, and heaven will fill it. I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakeſpear; and as she had let go the purſe intirely, I put a ſingle one in; and tying up the ribband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more an humble courteſy than a low one——it was one of thoſe quiet, thankful ſinkings, where the ſpirit bows itſelf down—the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleaſure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, ſaid I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you ſee the crown, you will remember it—ſo do not, my dear, lay it out in ribbands.

Upon my word, Sir, ſaid the girl, earneſtly, I am incapable——in ſaying which, as is uſual in little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand—*En vérité, Monſieur, je mettrai cet argent à part*, ſaid she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it ſanctifies their moſt private walks: ſo notwithſtanding it was dusky, yet as both our roads lay the ſame way, we made no ſcruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together.

She made me a ſecond courteſy in ſetting

off, and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a ſort of a little ſtop, to tell me again—she thanked me.

It was a ſmall tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be miſtaken in the perſon I had been rendering it to for the world—but I ſee innocence, my dear, in your face—and foul befal the man who ever lays a ſnare in its way!

The girl ſeemed affected ſome way or other with what I ſaid—she gave a low ſigh—I found I was not impowered to inquire at all after it—ſo ſaid nothing more till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

—But is this the way, my dear, ſaid I, to the hôtel de Modêne? she told me it was—or, that I might go by the Rue de Guenegaud, which was the next turn—Then I will go, my dear, by the Rue de Guenegaud, ſaid I, for two reaſons; firſt I ſhall pleaſe myſelf, and next I ſhall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can. The girl was ſenſible I was civil—and ſaid she wished the hôtel de Modêne was in the Rue de St. Pierre.—You live there? ſaid I.—She told me she was *fille de chambre* to Madame R....—Good God! ſaid I, it is the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from

Amiens—The girl told me, that Madame R..., she believed, expected a ſtranger with a letter, and was impatient to ſee him—ſo I deſired the girl to preſent my compliments to Madame R..., and ſay I would, certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We ſtood ſtill at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilſt this paſſed—We then ſtopped a moment whilſt she diſpoſed of her *Egaremens du Cœur*, *&c.* more commodiouſly than carrying them in her hand—they were two volumes; ſo I held the ſecond for her, whilſt she put the firſt into her pocket; and then she held her pocket, and I put the other in after it.

It is ſweet to feel by what fine-ſpun threads our affections are drawn together.

We ſet off afresh, and as she took her third ſtep, the girl put her hand within my arm—I was juſt bidding her—but she did it of herſelf, with that undeliberating ſimplicity, which shewed it was out of her head that she had never ſeen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of conſanguinity ſo ſtrongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and ſee if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeneſs—Tut! ſaid I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Guenegaud, I ſtopped to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would

thank me again for my company and kindneſs—She bid me adieu twice—I repeated it as often; and ſo cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where elſe, I am not ſure but I ſhould have ſigned it with a kiſs of charity, as warm and holy as an apoſtle.

But in Paris, as none kiſs each other but the men—I did, what amounted to the ſame thing—I bid God bleſs her.

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

WHEN I got home to my hôtel, La Fleur told me I had been inquired after by the Lieutenant de Police—The deuce take it, ſaid I—I know the reaſon. It is time the reader ſhould know it, for in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted; not that it was out of my head, but that, had I told it then, it might have been forgot now—and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with ſo much precipitation, that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France, and had reached Dover, and looked through my glaſs at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea preſented itſelf; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a paſſport. Go but to the end of a ſtreet, I have a mortal averſion for returning back no

wiſer than I ſet out; and as this was one of the greateſt efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could leſs bear the thoughts of it: ſo hearing the Count de **** had hired the packet, I begged he would take me in his *ſuite*. The Count had ſome little knowledge of me, ſo made little or no difficulty—only ſaid, his inclination to ſerve me could reach no farther than Calais; as he was to return by way of Bruſſels to Paris: however, when I had once paſſed there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris I muſt make friends, and ſhift for myſelf—Let me go to Paris, Monſieur le Comte, ſaid I—and I ſhall do very well. So I embarked, and never thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been inquiring after me—the thing inſtantly recurred—and by the time La Fleur had well told me, the maſter of the hôtel came into my room to tell me the ſame thing, with this addition to it, that my paſſport had been particularly asked after: the maſter of the hôtel concluded with ſaying, he hoped I had one—Not I, faith! ſaid I.

The maſter of the hôtel retired three ſteps from me, as from an infected perſon, as I declared this—and poor La Fleur advanced three ſteps towards me, and with that ſort of movement which a good ſoul makes to ſuccour a diſtreſſed one—the fellow won my

heart by it; and from that ſingle *trait*, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had ſerved me with fidelity for ſeven years.

Monſeigneur! cried the maſter of the hôtel—but recollecting himſelf as he made the exclamation, he inſtantly changed the tone of it—If Monſieur, ſaid he, has not a paſſport (*apparemment*) in all likelihood, he has friends in Paris who can procure him one.—Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference.—Then *certes* replied he, you will be ſent to the Baſtille or the Chatelet, *au moins*. Poo! ſaid I, the king of France is a good-natured ſoul—he will hurt no body.—*Cela n'empêche pas*, ſaid he—you will certainly be ſent to the Baſtille to-morrow morning—But I have taken your lodgings for a month, anſwered I, and I will not quit them a day before the time, for all the kings of France in the world. La Fleur whiſpered in my ear, that no body could oppoſe the king of France.

Pardi! ſaid my hoſt, *ces Meſſieurs Anglois ſont des gens très-extraordinaires*—and having both ſaid and ſworn it—he went out.

THE PASSPORT.

THE HOTEL AT PARIS.

I COULD not find in my heart to torture La Fleur with a ſerious look upon the ſubject

ject of my embarraſſment, which was the reaſon I had treated it ſo cavalierly: and to ſhew him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropt the ſubject entirely; and whilſt he waited upon me at ſupper, talked to him with more than uſual gaiety about Paris, and of the *opera comique*.—La Fleur had been there himſelf, and had followed me thro' the ſtreets as far as the bookſeller's ſhop; but ſeeing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walked down the Quai de Conti together, La Fleur deemed it unneceſſary to follow me a ſtep further—ſo making his own reflections upon it, he took a ſhorter cut—and got to the hôtel in time to be informed of the affair of the Police againſt my arrival.

As ſoon as the honeſt creature had taken away, and gone down to ſup himſelf, I then began to think a little ſeriouſly about my ſituation.—

—And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt ſmile at the remembrance of a ſhort dialogue which paſſed betwixt us the moment I was going to ſet out—I muſt tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little ſubject to be overburthened with money as thought, had drawn me aſide to interrogate me how much I had taken care for; upon telling him the exact ſum, Eugenius ſhook his head, and ſaid it would not do; ſo pul-

led out his purſe in order to empty it into mine;—I have enough in conſcience, Eugenius, ſaid I.—Indeed, Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius—I know France and Italy better than you.—But you do not conſider, Eugenius, ſaid I, refuſing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I ſhall take care to ſay or do ſomething or other for which I ſhall get clapped up in the Baſtille, and that I ſhall live there a couple of months entirely at the king of France's expence—I beg pardon, ſaid Eugenius, drily: really I had forgot that reſource.

Now the event I treated gaily came ſeriouſly to my door.

Is it folly, or nonchalance, or philoſophy, or pertinacity—or what is it in me, that after all, when La Fleur had gone down ſtairs, and I was quite alone, that I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwiſe than I had then ſpoken of it to Eugenius?

—And as for the Baſtille! the terror is in the word.—Make the moſt of it you can, ſaid I to myſelf, the Baſtille is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a houſe you cannot get out of—Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year—but with nine livres a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man cannot get out, he may do

very well within—at leaſt for a month or ſix weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmleſs fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiſer man than he went in.

I had ſome occaſion (I forget what) to ſtep into the court-yard, as I ſettled this account; and remember I walked down ſtairs in no ſmall triumph with the conceit of my reaſoning—Beshrew the *ſombre* pencil! ſaid I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with ſo hard and deadly a colouring. The mind ſits terrified at the objects ſhe has magnified herſelf, and blackened: reduce them to their proper ſize and hue, ſhe overlooks them—It is true, ſaid I, correcting the propoſition—the Baſtille is not an evil to be deſpiſed—but ſtrip it of its towers—fill up the foſſé—unbarricade the doors—call it ſimply a confinement, and ſuppoſe it is ſome tyrant of a diſtemper—and not of a man which holds you in it—the evil vaniſhes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this ſoliloquy, with a voice, which I took to be of a child, which complained « it could » not get out ».—I looked up and down the paſſage, and ſeeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the paſſage,

I heard the ſame words repeated twice over; and looking up, I ſaw it was a ſtarling hung in a little cage.—« I can't get out—I can't » get out, » ſaid the ſtarling.

I ſtood looking at the bird: and to every perſon who came through the paſſage it ran fluttering to the ſide towards which they approached it, with the ſame lamentation of its captivity—« I can't get out, » ſaid the ſtarling—God help thee! ſaid I, but I will let thee out, coſt what it will; ſo I turned about the cage to get the door; it was twiſted and double twiſted ſo faſt with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thruſting his head through the trellis, preſſed his breaſt againſt it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! ſaid I, I cannot ſet thee at liberty—« No, » ſaid the ſtarling—« I can't get out—« I can't get out, » ſaid the ſtarling.

I vow, I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the diſſipated ſpirits, to which my reaſon had been a bubble, were ſo ſuddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet ſo true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my ſyſtematic reaſonings upon the Baſtille; and I

heavily walked up ſtairs; unſaying every word I had ſaid in going down them.

Diſguiſe thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill, Slavery! ſaid I—ſtill thou art a bitter draught; and though thouſands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no leſs bitter on that account—It is thou, thrice ſweet and gracious Goddeſs, addreſſing myſelf to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worship, whoſe taſte is grateful, and ever will be ſo, till NATURE herſelf ſhall change—no *tint* of words can ſpot thy ſnowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy ſceptre into iron—with thee to ſmile upon him as he eats his cruſt, the ſwain is happier than his monarch, from whoſe court thou art exiled—Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the laſt ſtep but one in my aſcent——grant me but health, thou great Beſtower of it, and give me but this fair Goddeſs as my companion—and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeems good unto thy divine providence, upon thoſe heads which are aching for them.

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage purſued me into my room; I ſat down cloſe by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confine-

ment. I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but ſlavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of ſad groups in it diſt but diſtract me—

—I took a ſingle captive, and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I ſaw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the weſtern breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had ſeen no ſun, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice:—his children—

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw in the furtheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there—he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand,

and with a ruſty nail he was etching another day of miſery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door, then caſt it down—ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle—He gave a deep ſigh—I ſaw the iron enter into his ſoul—I burſt into tears—I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn—I ſtarted up from my chair, and calling La Fleur, I bid him beſpeak me a *remiſe*, and have it ready at the door of the hôtel by nine in the morning.

—I will go directly, ſaid I, myſelf, to Monſieur le Duc de Choiſeuil.

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but, not willing he ſhould ſee any thing upon my cheeks, which would coſt the honeſt fellow a heart-ach—I told him I would go to bed by myſelf—and bid him go do the ſame.

THE STARLING.

ROAD TO VERSAILLES.

I GOT into my remiſe the hour I propoſed: La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the beſt of his way to Verſailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or

rather nothing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a ſhort hiſtory of this ſelf-ſame bird, which became the ſubject of the laſt chapter.

Whilſt the Honourable Mr. **** was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom; who, not caring to deſtroy it, had taken it in his breaſt into the packet—and by courſe of feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it ſafe along with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the ſtarling; and as he had little to do better the five months his maſter ſtaid there, he taught it in his mother's tongue, the four ſimple words—(and no more)—to which I owned myſelf ſo much its debtor.

Upon his maſter's going on for Italy—the lad had given it to the maſter of the hôtel—But his little ſong for liberty being in an *unknown* language at Paris—the bird had little or no ſtore ſet by him—ſo La Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whoſe language he had learned his notes—and telling the ſtory of him to Lord A—Lord A begged the bird of me—in a week, Lord A gave him to

Lord B—Lord B made a preſent of him to Lord C—and Lord C's gentleman ſold him to Lord D's for a ſhilling—Lord D gave him to Lord E—and ſo on—half round the alphabet—From that rank he paſſed into the lower houſe, and paſſed the hands of as many commoners—But as all theſe wanted to *get in*—and my bird wanted to get out—he had almoſt as little ſtore ſet by him in London as in Paris.

It is impoſſible but many of my readers muſt have heard of him; and if any, by mere chance, have ever ſeen him—I beg leave to inform them, that that bird was my bird,—or ſome vile copy ſet up to repreſent him.

I have nothing further to add upon him, but that from that time to this, I have born this

poor ſtarling as the creſt to my arms.—Thus:

—And let the heralds officers twiſt his neck about, if they dare.

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind, when I am going to ask protection of any man: for which reaſon, I generally endeavour to protect myſelf; but this going to Monſieur le Duc de C***** was an act of compulſion—had it been an act of choice, I ſhould have done it, I ſuppoſe, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty addreſs, as I went along, did my ſervile heart form! I deſerved the Baſtille for every one of them.

Then nothing would ſerve me, when I got within ſight of Verſailles, but putting words and ſentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreath myſelf into Monſieur le Duc de C*****'s good graces—This will do—ſaid I—Juſt as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous taylor, without taking his meaſure—Fool! continued I—ſee Monſieur Le Duc's face firſt—obſerve what character is written in it; take notice in what poſture he ſtands to hear you—mark the turns and expreſſions of his body and limbs—And for the tone—the firſt ſound which comes from his lips will give it you; and from all theſe together you will compound an addreſs

at once on the ſpot, which cannot diſguſt the Duke—the ingredients are his own, and moſt likely to go down.

Well! ſaid I, I wish it well over—Coward again! as if man to man was not equal throughout the whole ſurface of the globe; and if in the field—why not face to face in the cabinet too? And truſt me, Yorick, whenever it is not ſo, man is falſe to himſelf; and betrays his own ſuccours ten times, where nature does it once. Go to the Duc de C... with the Baſtille in thy looks—my life for it, thou wilt be ſent back to Paris in half an hour, with an eſcort.

I believe ſo, ſaid I—Then I will go to the Duke, by Heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairneſs in the world.—

—And there you are wrong again, replied I.—A heart at eaſe, Yorick, flies into no extremes—it is ever on its centre—Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turned in at the gates—I find I shall do very well: and by the time he had wheeled round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myſelf ſo much the better for my own lecture, that I neither aſcended the ſteps like a victim to juſtice, who was to part with life upon the topmaſt,—nor did I mount them with a skip and a couple of ſtrides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.

As I entered the door of the ſaloon, I was met by a perſon who poſſibly might be

the *maître d'hôtel*, but had more the air of one of the under ſecretaries, who told me the Duc de C.... was buſy—I am utterly ignorant, ſaid I, of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an abſolute ſtranger, and what is worſe in the preſent conjuncture of affairs, being an Engliſhman too.—He replied, that did not increaſe the difficulty.—I made him a ſlight bow, and told him I had ſomething of importance to ſay to Monſieur le Duc. The ſecretary looked towards the ſtairs, as if he was about to leave me to carry up this account to ſome one—But I muſt not miſlead you, ſaid I—for what I have to ſay is of no manner of importance to Monſieur le Duc de C...—but of great importance to myſelf.—*C'eſt une autre affaire*, replied he——Not at all, ſaid I, to a man of gallantry.—But pray, good Sir, continued I, when can a ſtranger hope to have *acceſs?* In not leſs than two hours, ſaid he, looking at his watch. The number of equipages in the court-yard ſeemed to juſtify the calculation, that I could have no nearer a proſpect—and as walking backwards and forwards in the ſaloon, without a ſoul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the Baſtille itſelf, I inſtantly went back to my *remiſe*, and bid the coachman drive me to the *cordon bleu*, which was the neareſt hôtel.

I think there is a fatality in it—I ſeldom go to the place I ſet out for.

LE PATISSIER.

VERSAILLES.

BEFORE I had got half-way down the ſtreet, I changed my mind: as I am at Verſailles, thought I, I might as well take a view of the town; ſo I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round ſome of the principal ſtreets—I ſuppoſe the town is not very large, ſaid I. The coachman begged pardon for ſetting me right, and told me it was very ſuperb, and that numbers of the firſt dukes and marquiſes and counts had hôtels—The count de B...., of whom the bookſeller at the Quai de Conti had ſpoke ſo handſomely the night before, came inſtantly into my mind—And why ſhould I not go, thought I, to the Count de B...., who has ſo high an idea of English books, and English men—and tell him my ſtory? ſo I changed my mind a ſecond time—In truth it was the third: for I intended that day for Madame R.... in the Rue St. Pierre, and had devoutly ſent her word by her *fille de Chambre* that I would aſſuredly wait upon her—but I am governed by circumſtances—I cannot govern them; ſo ſeeing a man ſtanding with a basket on the other ſide of the ſtreet, as if he had ſomething to ſell, I bid La Fleur go up to him, and inquire for the Count's hôtel.

La Fleur returned a little pale; and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis ſelling *patés*—It is impoſſible, La Fleur! ſaid I.—La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myſelf; but perſiſted in his ſtory: he had ſeen the croix ſet in gold, with its red ribband, he ſaid, tied to his button-hole—and had looked into the basket and ſeen the *patés* which the Chevalier was ſelling; ſo could not be miſtaken in that.

Such a reverſe in a man's life awakens a better principle than curioſity: I could not help looking for ſome time at him, as I ſat in the *remiſe*—the more I looked at him—his croix and his basket, the ſtronger they wove themſelves into my brain—I got out of the *remiſe* and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his knees, and with a ſort of a bib which went half-way up his breaſt; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his croix. His basket of little *patés* was covered over with a white damask napkin; another of the ſame kind was ſpread at the bottom; and there was a look of *propreté* and neatneſs throughout, that one might have bought his *patés* of him, as much from appetite as ſentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but ſtood ſtill with them at the corner of a hôtel, for thoſe to buy who choſe it, without ſolicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a ſedate look, ſomething approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the basket than him, and having lifted up the napkin, and taken one of his *patés* into my hand—I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the beſt part of his life had paſſed in the ſervice, in which, after ſpending a ſmall patrimony, he had obtained a company and the croix with it; but that at the concluſion of the laſt peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with thoſe of ſome other regiments, left without any proviſion—he found himſelf in a wide world, without friends, without a livre—and indeed ſaid he, without any thing but this—(pointing, as he ſaid it, to his croix)—The poor Chevalier won my pity, and he finished the ſcene, with winning my eſteem too.

The King, he ſaid, was the moſt generous of princes, but his generoſity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongſt the number. He had a little wife, he ſaid, whom he loved, who did the *patiſſerie*; and added, he felt no dishonour in defending her and himſelf from want in this way—unleſs Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to with-hold a pleaſure from the good, in paſſing over what

happened to this poor Chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It ſeems he uſually took his ſtand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace; and as his croix had caught the eyes of numbers, numbers had made the ſame inquiry which I had done—He had told them the ſame ſtory, and always with ſo much modeſty and good ſenſe, that it had reached at laſt the King's ears—who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and reſpected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity—he broke up his little trade by a penſion of fifteen hundred livres a year.

As I have told this to pleaſe the reader, I beg leave he will allow me to relate another, out of its order, to pleaſe myſelf—the two ſtories reflect light upon each other—and it is a pity they ſhould be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

WHEN ſtates and empires have their periods of declenſion, and feel in their turns what diſtreſs and poverty is—I ſtop not to tell the cauſes which gradually brought the houſe d'E.... in Britanny into decay. The Marquis d'E.... had fought up againſt his condition with great firmneſs; wiſhing to preſerve, and ſtill ſhew to the world ſome

little fragments of what his anceſtors had been—their indiſcretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obſcurity*—But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light*—he thought they deſerved it. He had tried his ſword—it could not open the way—the *mounting* was too expenſive—and ſimple œconomy was not a match for it—there was no reſource but commerce.

In any other province in France, ſave Britanny, this was ſmiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to ſee re-bloſſom—But in Britanny, there being a proviſion for this, he availed himſelf of it; and taking an occaſion when the ſtates were aſſembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two ſons, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though ſeldom claimed, he ſaid, was no leſs in force; he took his ſword from his ſide—Here—ſaid he—take it; and be truſty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The Preſident accepted the Marquis's ſword—he ſtayed a few minutes to ſee it depoſited in the archives of the houſe—and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of ſucceſsful application to buſineſs, with ſome unlooked for bequeſts from diſtant branches of his houſe,

—returned home to reclaim his nobility and to ſupport it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller, but a ſentimental one, that I ſhould be at Rennes at the very time of this ſolemn requiſition: I call it ſolemn—it was ſo to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family: he ſupported his lady—his eldeſt ſon ſupported his ſiſter, and his youngeſt was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his face twice.—

—There was a dead ſilence. When the Marquis had approached within ſix paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioneſs to his youngeſt ſon, and advancing three ſteps before his family—he reclaimed his ſword—His ſword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almoſt out of the ſcabbard—it was the ſhining face of a friend he had once given up—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to ſee whether it was the ſame—when obſerving a little ruſt which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I ſaw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived, by what followed.

« I ſhall find, ſaid he, ſome *other way*, » to get it off ».

When the Marquis had ſaid this, he re-

turned his ſword into its ſcabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two ſons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I FOUND no difficulty in getting admittance to Monſieur le Count de B.... The ſet of Shakeſpeare was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walked up cloſe to the table, and giving firſt ſuch a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were—I told him I had come without any one to preſent me, knowing I ſhould meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I truſted, would do it for me—it is my countryman the great Shakeſpeare, ſaid I, pointing to his works—*& ayez la bonté, mon cher ami*, apoſtrophizing his ſpirit, added I, *de me faire cet honneur-là.*—

The Count ſmiled at the ſingularity of the introduction; and ſeeing I looked a little pale and ſickly, inſiſted upon my taking an arm-chair: ſo I ſat down; and to ſave him conjectures upon a viſit ſo out of all rule, I told him ſimply of the incident in the bookſeller's ſhop, and how that had impelled me rather to go to him with the ſtory of a little embarraſſment I was under, than to any

other man in France—And what is your embarraſſment? let me hear it, ſaid the Count. So I told him the ſtory juſt as I have told it the reader.—

—And the maſter of my hôtel, ſaid I, as I concluded it, will needs have it, Monſieur le Count, that I ſhall be ſent to the Baſtille—but I have no apprehenſions, continued I—for in falling into the hands of the moſt polished people in the world, and being conſcious I was a true man, and not come to ſpy the nakedneſs of the land, I ſcarce thought I laid at their mercy. It does not ſuit the gallantry of the French, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I, to ſhew it againſt invalids.

An animated blush came into the Count de B....'s cheeks, as I ſpoke this—*Ne craignez rien*—Do not fear, ſaid he—Indeed I do not, replied I again—beſides, continued I, a little ſportingly—I have come laughing all the way from London to Paris, and do not think Monſieur le Duc de Choiſeuil is ſuch an enemy to mirth, as to ſend me back crying for my pains.

—My application to you, Monſieur le Count de B..... (making him a low bow) is to deſire he will not.

The Count heard me with great good-nature, or I had not ſaid half as much—and once or twice ſaid——*C'eſt bien dit.* So I reſted my cauſe there—and determined to ſay no more about it.

The Count led the diſcourſe: we talked of indifferent things—of books and politics, and men—and then of women—God bleſs them all! ſaid I, after much diſcourſe about them—there is not a man upon earth who loves them ſo much as I do: after all the foibles I have ſeen, and all the ſatires I have read againſt them, ſtill I love them, being firmly perſuaded, that a man, who has not a ſort of an affection for the whole ſex, is incapable of ever loving a ſingle one as he ought.

Hé bien! Monſieur l'Anglois, ſaid the Count, gaily—You are not come to ſpy the nakedneſs of the land—I believe you—*ni encore*, I dare ſay, *that* of our women—But, permit me to conjecture—if, *par hazard*, they fell in your way—that the proſpect would not affect you.

I have ſomething within me which cannot bear the ſhock of the leaſt indecent inſinuation: in the ſportability of chit-chat, I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and, with infinite pain, have hazarded a thouſand things to a dozen of the ſex together—the leaſt of which I could not venture to a ſingle one, to gain heaven.

Excuſe me, *Monſieur le Comte*, ſaid I—as for the nakedneſs of your land, if I ſaw it, I ſhould caſt my eyes over it with tears in them—and for that of your women (blushing at the idea he had excited in me) I am

ſo evangelical in this, and have ſuch a fellow-feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on—But I could wish, continued I, to ſpy the *nakedneſs* of their hearts, and thro' the different diſguiſes of cuſtoms, climates, and religion, find out what is good in them, to faſhion my own by—and therefore am I come.

It is for this reaſon, *Monſieur le Comte*, continued I, that I have not ſeen the Palais Royal—nor the Luxembourg—nor the Façade of the Louvre—nor have attempted to ſwell the catalogues we have of pictures, ſtatues, and churches—I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in, and ſee the original drawings and loſe ſketches hung up in it, than the transfiguration of Raphael itſelf.

The thirſt of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breaſt of the connoiſſeur, has led me from my own home into France—and from France will lead me through Italy—it is a quiet journey of the heart in purſuit of NATURE, and thoſe affections which ariſe out of her, which make us love each other—and the world, better than we do.

The Count ſaid a great many civil things to me upon the occaſion; and added very politely, how much he ſtood obliged to Shakeſpeare, for making me known to him

—but, *à propos*, ſaid he—Shakeſpeare is full of great things—He forgot a ſmall punctilio of announcing your name—it puts you under a neceſſity of doing it yourſelf.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

THERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to ſet about telling any one who I am—for there is ſcarce any body I cannot give a better account of than of myſelf; and I have often wished I could do it in a ſingle word—and have an end of it. It was the only time and occaſion in my life, I could accomplish this to my purpoſe—for Shakeſpeare lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave-diggers ſcene in the fifth act, I laid my finger upon YORICK, and, advancing the book to the Count, with my finger all the way over the name—*Me voici!* ſaid I.

Now, whether the idea of poor Yorick's skull was put out of the Count's mind, by the reality of my own, or by what magic he could drop a period of ſeven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account—it is certain the French conceive better than they combine—I wonder at nothing in this world, and the leſs at this; inaſmuch as one of the firſt of our own church, for whoſe

whoſe candour and paternal ſentiments I have the higheſt veneration, fell into the ſame miſtake in the very ſame caſe—« He could » not bear, he ſaid, to look into ſermons » wrote by the king of Denmark's jeſter ».—Good, my lord! ſaid I—but there are two Yoricks. The Yorick your lordship thinks of, has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago; he flouriſhed in Horwendillus's court—the other Yorick is myſelf, who have flouriſhed, my lord, in no court—He ſhook his head—Good God! ſaid I, you might as well confound Alexander the Great, with Alexander the copperſmith, my lord—It was all one, he replied—

—If Alexander king of Macedon could have tranſlated your lordship, ſaid I—I am ſure your lordship would not have ſaid ſo.

The poor Count de B..... fell but into the ſame *error*—

—*Et Monſieur eſt-il Yorick?* cried the Count.—*Je le ſuis*, ſaid I.—*Vous?*—*Moi*—*moi qui ai l'honneur de vous parler*, *Monſieur le Comte*—*Mon Dieu!* ſaid he, embracing me—*Vous êtes Yorick!*

The Count inſtantly put the Shakeſpear into his pocket—and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I COULD not conceive why the Count de B.... had gone so abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakespear into his pocket—*Mysteries which must explain themselves, are not worth the loss of time, which a conjecture about them takes up*: it was better to read Shakespear; so taking up « *Much ado about Nothing*, » I transported myself instantly from the chair I sat in to Messina in Sicily, and got so busy with Don Pedro, and Benedict, and Beatrice, that I thought not of Versailles, the Count, or the passport.

Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!—Long—long since had ye numbered out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground: when my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rose-buds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthened and refreshed—When evils press sore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new course—I leave it—and as I have a clearer idea of the

Elyzian fields than I have of heaven, I force myſelf, like Æneas, into them—I ſee him meet the penſive ſhade of his forſaken Dido —and wish to recognize it—I ſee the injured ſpirit wave her head, and turn off ſilent from the author of her miſeries and diſhonours—I loſe the feelings for myſelf in her's —and in thoſe affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at ſchool.

Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow —nor does man diſquiet himſelf in vain *by it*— he oftener does ſo in truſting the iſſue of his commotions to reaſon only.—I can ſafely ſay for myſelf, I was never able to conquer any one ſingle bad ſenſation in my heart ſo deciſively, as by beating up as faſt as I could for ſome kindly and gentle ſenſation, to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B.... entered, with my paſſport in his hand. *Monſ. le Duc de C···*, ſaid the Count, is as good a prophet, I dare ſay, as he is a ſtateſman—*Un homme qui rit*, ſaid the Duke, *ne ſera jamais dangereux.* —Had it been for any one but the king's jeſter, added the Count, I could not have got it theſe two hours.—*Pardonnez-moi, Monſ. le Comte*, ſaid I—I am not the king's jeſter—But you are Yorick?—Yes.—*Et vous plaiſantez?*—I anſwered, indeed I did jeſt— but was not paid for it—it was entirely at my own expence.

We have no jeſter at court, *Monſ. Le Comte*, ſaid I, the laſt we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II.—ſince which time, our manners have been ſo gradually refining, that our court at preſent is ſo full of patriots, who wish for *nothing* but the honours and wealth of their country—and our ladies are all ſo chaſte, ſo ſpotleſs, ſo good, ſo devout—there is nothing for a jeſter to make a jeſt of—

Voilà un perſiflage! cried the Count.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

As the paſſport was directed to all lieutenant governors, governors and commandants of cities, generals of armies, juſticiaries, and all officers of juſtice, to let Mr. Yorick, the king's jeſter, and his baggage, travel quietly along—I own the triumph of obtaining the paſſport was not a little tarnished by the figure I cut in it—but there is nothing unmixed in this world; and ſome of the graveſt of our divines have carried it ſo far as to affirm, that enjoyment itſelf was attended even with a ſigh—and that the greateſt *they knew of*, terminated, *in a general way*, in little better than a convulſion.

I remember the grave and learned Bevoriskius, in his commentary upon the generations from Adam, very naturally breaks

off in the middle of a note, to give an account to the world of a couple of ſparrows upon the out-edge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote, and at laſt had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

—It is ſtrange! writes Bevoriskius; but the facts are certain, for I have had the curioſity to mark them down one by one with my pen —but the cock-ſparrow, during the little time that I could have finished the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his careſſes three-and-twenty times and a half.

How merciful, adds Bevoriskius, is heaven to his creatures!

Ill-fated Yorick! that the graveſt of thy brethren should be able to write that to the world, which ſtains thy face with crimſon, to copy in even thy ſtudy.

But this is nothing to my travels—So I twice—twice beg pardon for it.

CHARACTER.

VERSAILLES.

And how do you find the French? ſaid the Count de B····, after he had given me the paſſport.

The reader may ſuppoſe, that after ſo obliging a proof of courteſy, I could not be at a loſs to ſay ſomething handſome to the inquiry.

—*Mais paſſe pour cela*—Speak frankly, ſaid he; do you find all the urbanity in the French, which the world give us the honour of?—I had found every thing, I ſaid, which confirmed it—*Vraiment*, ſaid the Count,—*les François ſont polis*. To an exceſs, replied I.

The Count took notice of the word *exceſs*; and would have it I meant more than I ſaid. I defended myſelf a long time, as well as I could, againſt it—he inſiſted I had a reſerve, and that I would ſpeak my opinion frankly.

I believe, *Monſ. le Comte*, ſaid I, that man has a certain compaſs, as well as an inſtrument; and that the ſocial and other calls have occaſion by turns for every key in him; ſo that if you begin a note too high or too low, there muſt be a want either in the upper or under part, to fill up the ſyſtem of harmony—The Count de B..... did not underſtand muſic, ſo deſired me to explain it ſome other way. A polished nation, my dear Count, ſaid I, makes every one its debtor; and beſides, urbanity itſelf, like the fair ſex, has ſo many charms; it goes againſt the heart to ſay it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection, that man, take him all together, is empowered to arrive at—if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities, than gets them. I muſt not preſume to ſay, how far this has affected the French in the ſubject we are ſpeaking of—but ſhould it ever be the caſe of the English, in the pro-

greſs of their refinements, to arrive at the ſame polish which diſtinguishes the French, if we did not loſe the *politeſſe de cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions, than courteous ones—we ſhould at leaſt loſe that diſtinct variety and originality of character, which diſtinguishes them, not only from each other, but from all the world beſides.

I had a few King William's shillings as ſmooth as glaſs in my pocket: and foreſeeing they would be of uſe in the illuſtration of my hypotheſis, I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded ſo far—

See, *Monſ. le Comte*, ſaid I, riſing up, and laying them before him upon the table—by jingling and rubbing one againſt another for ſeventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become ſo much alike, you can ſcarce diſtinguish one shilling from another.

The English, like ancient medals, kept more apart, and paſſing but few people's hands, preſerve the firſt sharpneſſes which the fine hand of nature has given them—they are not ſo pleaſant to feel—but, in return, the legend is ſo viſible, that at the firſt look, you ſee whoſe image and ſuperſcription they bear.—But the French, Monſ. le Comte, added I, wishing to ſoften what I had ſaid, have ſo many excellencies, they can the better ſpare this—they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and good temper'd

people as is under heaven—if they have a fault—they are too *ſerious*.

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, riſing out of his chair.

Mais vous plaiſantez, ſaid he, correcting his exclamation.—I laid my hand upon my breaſt, and with earneſt gravity aſſured him, it was my moſt ſettled opinion.

The Count ſaid he was mortified, he could not ſtay to hear my reaſons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc de C.....

But if it is not too far to come to Verſailles to eat your ſoup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleaſure of knowing you retract your opinion—or, in what manner you ſupport it.—But if you do ſupport it, Monſ. l'Anglois, ſaid he, you muſt do it with all your powers, becauſe you have the whole world againſt you.—I promiſed the Count I would do myſelf the honour of dining with him before I ſet out for Italy—ſo took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the hôtel, the porter told me a young woman with a band-box had been that moment inquiring for me.—I do not know, ſaid the porter, whether ſhe is gone away or no. I took the key of my

chamber of him, and went up ſtairs; and when I had got within ten ſteps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming eaſily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with: Madame de R.... had ſent her upon ſome commiſſions to a *marchande de modes*, within a ſtep or two of the hôtel de Modêne; and as I had failed in waiting upon her, had bid her inquire if I had left Paris; and if ſo, whether I had not left a letter addreſſed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was ſo near my door: she returned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two, whilſt I wrote a card.

It was a fine ſtill evening, in the latter end of the month of May—the crimſon window curtains (which were of the ſame colour of thoſe of the bed) were drawn cloſe—the ſun was ſetting, and reflected through them ſo warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre*'s face—I thought she blushed—the idea of it made me blush alſo—we were quite alone; and that ſuperinduced a ſecond blush, before the firſt could get off.

There is a ſort of a pleaſing half-guilty blush, where the blood is more in fault than the man—it is ſent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it—not to call it back, but to make the ſenſation of it more delicious to the nerves—it is aſſociated—

But I will not deſcribe it.—I felt ſomething at firſt within me, which was not in ſtrict uniſon with the leſſon of virtue I had given her the night before—I ſought five minutes for a card—I knew I had not one.—I took up a pen—I laid it down again—my hand trembled—the devil was in me.

I know as well as any one, he is an adverſary, whom if we reſiſt, he will fly from us—but I ſeldom reſiſt him at all; from a terror, that though I may conquer, I may ſtill get a hurt in the combat—ſo I give up the triumph for ſecurity; and inſtead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myſelf.

The fair *fille de chambre* came cloſe up to the bureau were I was looking for a card—took up firſt the pen I caſt down, then offered to hold me the ink: ſhe offered it ſo ſweetly, I was going to accept it—but I durſt not—I have nothing, my dear, ſaid I, to write upon.—Write it, ſaid ſhe, ſimply, upon any thing.—

I was juſt going to cry out: Then I will write it, fair girl! upon thy lips.—

If I do, ſaid I, I ſhall perish—ſo I took her by the hand, and led her to the door, and begged ſhe would not forget the leſſon I had given her—She ſaid, indeed ſhe would not—and as ſhe uttered it with ſome earneſtneſs, ſhe turned about, and gave me both her hands, cloſed together, into mine—it

was impoſſible not to compreſs them in that ſituation—I wished to let them go; and all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myſelf againſt it—and ſtill I held them on.—In two minutes I found I had all the battle to fight over again—and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were ſtanding—I had ſtill hold of her hands—and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither asked her— nor drew her—nor did I think of the bed—but ſo it did happen, we both ſat down.

I will juſt ſhew you, ſaid the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purſe I have been making to-day to hold your crown. So ſhe put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it for ſome time—then into the left—« She had loſt it ».—I never bore expectation more quietly—it was in her right pocket at laſt—ſhe pulled it out; it was of green taffetas, lined with a little bit of white quilted ſattin, and juſt big enough to hold the crown—ſhe put it into my hand—it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes with the back of my hand reſting upon her lap—looking ſometimes at the purſe, ſometimes on one ſide of it.

A ſtitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my ſtock—the fair *fille de chambre*, without ſaying a word, took out her little

houſewife, threaded a ſmall needle, and ſewed it up—I foreſaw it would hazard the glory of the day; and as she paſſed her hand in ſilence acroſs and acroſs my neck in the manœuvre, I felt the laurels shake, which fancy had wreathed about my head.

A ſtrap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was juſt falling off—See, ſaid the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot—I could not for my ſoul but faſten the buckle in return, and putting in the ſtrap—and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to ſee both were right—in doing it too ſuddenly—it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her centre—and then—

THE CONQUEST.

PARIS.

YES—and then—Ye whoſe clay-cold heads, and lukewarm hearts, can argue down, or mask your paſſions—tell me, what treſpaſs is it that man should have them?—or how his ſpirit ſtands anſwerable to the Father of ſpirits, but for his conduct under them?

If nature has ſo wove her web of kindneſs, that ſome threads of love, and deſire are entangled with the piece—muſt the whole web be rent in drawing them out?—Whip me ſuch Stoics, great Governor of nature! ſaid I to myſelf—Wherever thy providence ſhall place me for the trials of my virtue—

whatever is my danger—whatever is my ſituation—let me feel the movements which riſe out of it, and which belong to me as a man—and if I govern them as a good one—I will truſt the iſſues to thy juſtice, for thou haſt made us—and not we ourſelves.

As I finished my addreſs, I raiſed the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room—she ſtood by me till I locked the door and put the key in my pocket—*and then*—the victory being quite deciſive—and not till then, I preſſed my lips to her cheek, and taking her by the hand again, led her ſafe to the gate of the hôtel.

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

If a man knows the heart, he will know it was impoſſible to go back inſtantly to my chamber—it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the cloſe of a piece of muſic, which had called forth my affections—therefore, when I let go the hands of the *fille de chambre*, I remained at the gate of the hôtel for ſome time, looking at every one who paſſed by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fixed upon a ſingle object, which confounded all kind of reaſoning upon him.

It was a tall figure of a philoſophic, ſerious, aduſt look, which paſſed and repaſſed ſedate-

ly along the ſtreet, making a turn of about ſixty paces on each ſide of the gate of the hôtel—the man was about fifty two—had a ſmall cane under his arm—was dreſſed in a dark drab-colour'd coat, waiſt-coat and breeches, which ſeemed to have ſeen ſome years ſervice—they were ſtill clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propreté* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accoſting a good many in his way, I ſaw he was asking charity; ſo I got a ſous or two out of my pocket, ready to give him, as he took me in his turn—He paſſed by me without asking any thing—and yet did not go five ſteps further before he asked charity of a little woman—I was much more likely to have given of the two—He had ſcarce done with the woman, when he pulled off his hat to another who was coming the ſame way.—An ancient gentleman came ſlowly—and, after him a young ſmart one—He let them both paſs, and asked nothing: I ſtood obſerving him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably purſued the ſame plan.

There were two things very ſingular in this, which ſet my brain to work, and to no purpoſe—the firſt was, why the man should only tell his ſtory to the ſex—and ſecondly—what kind of ſtory it was, and what ſpecies of eloquence it could be, which ſoftened the

hearts of the women, which he knew it was to no purpoſe to practiſe upon the men.

There were two other circumſtances which entangled this myſtery—the one was, he told every woman what he had to ſay in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a ſecret than a petition—the other was, it was always ſucceſsful—he never ſtopped a woman, but she pulled out her purſe, and immediately gave him ſomething.

I could form no ſyſtem to explain the phenomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuſe me for the reſt of the evening, ſo I walked up ſtairs to my chamber.

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I WAS immediately followed up by the maſter of the hôtel, who came into my room to tell me I muſt provide lodgings elſewhere—How ſo, friend? ſaid I.—He anſwered, I had had a young woman locked up with me two hours that evening in my bed-chamber, and it was againſt the rules of his houſe.—Very well, ſaid I, we will all part friends then—for the girl is no worſe—and I am no worſe—and you will be juſt as I found you—It was enough, he ſaid, to overthrow the credit of his hôtel.—*Voyez-vous, Monſieur?* ſaid he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been

ſitting upon.—I own it had ſomething of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not ſuffering me to enter into any detail of the caſe, I exhorted him to let his ſoul ſleep in peace, as I reſolved to let mine do that night, and that I would diſcharge what I owed him at breakfaſt.

I ſhould not have minded, *Monſieur*, ſaid he, if you had had twenty girls—It is a ſcore more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckoned upon—Provided, added he, it had been but in a morning—And does the difference of the time of the day at Paris, make a difference in the ſin?—It made a difference, he ſaid, in the ſcandal.—I like a good diſtinction in my heart; and cannot ſay I was intolerably out of temper with the man—I own it is neceſſary, re-aſſumed the maſter of the hôtel, that a ſtranger at Paris ſhould have the opportunities preſented to him of buying lace and ſilk ſtockings and ruffles, *& tout cela*—and it is nothing if a woman comes with a bandbox.—O' my conſcience, ſaid I, ſhe had one; but I never looked into it.—Then, *Monſieur*, ſaid he, has bought nothing?—Not one earthly thing, replied I.—Becauſe, ſaid he, I could recommend one to you who would uſe you *en conſcience*.—But I muſt ſee her this night, ſaid I—He made me a low bow, and walked down.

Now ſhall I triumph over this *maître d'hô-*

tel, cried I—and what then?—Then I shall let him ſee I know he is a dirty fellow.—And what then?—What then!—I was too near myſelf to ſay it was for the ſake of others.—I had no good anſwer left—there was more of ſpleen than principle in my project, and I was ſick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the Griſſet came in with her box of lace —I will buy nothing, however, ſaid I, within myſelf.

The Griſſet would ſhew me every thing —I was hard to pleaſe: she would not ſeem to ſee it; she opened her little magazine, laid all her laces one after another before me—unfolded and folded them up again, one by one, with the moſt patient ſweetneſs—I might buy—or not—she would let me have every thing at my own price—the poor creature ſeemed anxious to get a penny; and laid herſelf out to win me, and not ſo much in a manner which ſeemed artful, as in one I felt ſimple and careſſing.

If there is not a fund of honeſt cullibility in man, ſo much the worſe—my heart relented, and I gave up my ſecond reſolution as quietly as the firſt—Why ſhould I chaſtiſe one for the treſpaſs of another? If thou art tributary to this tyrant of an hoſt, thought I, looking up in her face, ſo much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four *louis d'or* in my purſe, there was no ſuch thing as riſing

up and shewing her the door, till I had first laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

—The master of the hôtel will share the profit with her—no matter—then I have only paid, as many a poor soul has *paid* before me, for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up to wait upon me at supper, he told me how sorry the master of the hôtel was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's rest will not lie down with enmity in his heart, if he can help it—So I bid La Fleur tell the master of the hôtel, that I was sorry, on my side, for the occasion I had given him—and you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur, added I, that if the young woman should call again, I shall not see her.

This was a sacrifice, not to him, but myself, having resolved, after so narrow an escape, to run no more risks, but to leave Paris, if it was possible, with all the virtue I entered it.

C'est déroger à la noblesse, *Monsieur*, said La Fleur, making me a bow down to the ground as he said it—*Et encore*, *Monsieur*, said he, may change his sentiments—and if (*par hazard*) he should like to amuse himself—I

find no amuſement in it, ſaid I, interrupting him—

Mon Dieu! ſaid La Fleur—and took away.

In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious—ſomething hung upon his lips to ſay to me, or ask me, which he could not get off; I could not conceive what it was; and, indeed, gave myſelf little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle ſo much more intereſting upon my mind, which was that of the man's asking charity before the door of the hôtel—I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and that, not out of curioſity—it is ſo low a principle of inquiry, in general, I would not purchaſe the gratification of it with a two-ſous piece—but a ſecret, I thought, which ſo ſoon and ſo certainly ſoftened the heart of every woman you came near, was a ſecret at leaſt equal to the philoſopher's ſtone: had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been maſter of it.

I toſſed and turned it almoſt all night long in my brains, to no manner of purpoſe; and when I awoke in the morning, I found my ſpirit as much troubled with my *dreams*, as ever the king of Babylon had been with his; and I will not heſitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wiſe men of Paris, as much as thoſe of Chaldea, to have given its interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

It was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in, in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himſelf ſo gallantly array'd, I ſcarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montriul to give him a new hat with a ſilver button and loop, and four louis d'or *pour s'adoniſer*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him juſtice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good ſcarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the ſame—They were not a crown worſe, he ſaid, for the wearing—I wished him hanged for telling me—they looked ſo fresh, that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have impoſed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de la Friperie.*

This is a nicety which makes not the heart ſore at Paris.

He had purchaſed, moreover, a handſome blue ſattin waiſtcoat, fancifully enough embroidered—this was indeed ſomething the worſe for the ſervice it had done, but it was clean ſcoured—the gold had been touched up, and upon the whole was rather showy than otherwiſe—and as the blue was not vio-

lent, it ſuited with the coat and breeches very well: he had ſqueezed out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a ſolitaire; and had inſiſted with the *fripier*, upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees—He had purchaſed muſlin ruffles, *bien brodées*, with four livres of his own money—and a pair of white ſilk ſtockings for five more—and, to top all, nature had given him a handſome figure, without coſting him a ſous.

He entered the room thus ſet off, with his hair dreſſed in the firſt ſtile, and with a handſome *bouquet* in his breaſt—in a word, there was that look of feſtivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday—and by combining both together, it inſtantly ſtruck me, that the favour he wiſhed to ask of me the night before, was to ſpend the day, as every body in Paris ſpent it, beſides. I had ſcarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of truſt, as if I ſhould not refuſe him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis-à-vis de ſa maîtreſſe*.

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myſelf *vis-à-vis* Madame de R***—I had retained the *remiſe* on purpoſe for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a ſervant ſo well dreſſed as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it: I never could have worſe ſpared him.

But we muſt *feel*, not argue in theſe embarraſſments—the ſons and daughters of ſervice part with liberty, but not with nature in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midſt of the houſe of bondage, as well as their task-maſters—no doubt, they have ſet their ſelf-denials at a price—and their expectations are ſo unreaſonable, that I would often diſappoint them, but that their condition puts it ſo much in my power to do it.

Behold—Behold, I am the ſervant—diſarms me at once of the powers of a maſter—

—Thou ſhalt go, La Fleur! ſaid I.

—And what miſtreſs, La Fleur, ſaid I, canſt thou have picked up in ſo little a time at Paris? La Fleur laid his hand upon his breaſt, and ſaid it was a *petite demoiſelle* at *Monſieur le Comte de B****'s*—La Fleur had a heart made for ſociety; and, to ſpeak the truth of him, let as few occaſions ſlip him as his maſter—ſo that ſome how or other—but how—heaven knows—he had connected himſelf with the *demoiſelle* upon the landing of the ſtair-caſe, during the time I was taken up with my paſſport; and as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my intereſt, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his—The family, it ſeems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her,

and two or three more of the Count's houſe-hold, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people! that once a week at leaſt are ſure to lay down all your cares together; and dance, and ſing, and ſport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the ſpirit of other nations to the earth!

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

LA FLEUR had left me ſomething to amuſe myſelf with for the day more than I had bargained for, or could have entered either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant leaf; and as the morning was warm, and he had a good ſtep to bring it, he had begged a ſheet of waſte paper to put betwixt the currant leaf and his hand—As that was plate ſufficient, I bade him lay it upon the table as it was; and as I reſolved to ſtay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the *traiteur* to beſpeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfaſt by myſelf.

When I had finished the butter, I threw the currant leaf out of the window, and was going to do the ſame by the waſte paper—but ſtopping to read a line firſt, and that drawing me on to a ſecond and third—I thought it better worth; ſo I ſhut the win-

dow, and drawing a chair up to it, I ſat down to read it.

It was in the old French of Rabelais's time, and for aught I know might have been wrote by him—it was moreover in a Gothic letter, and that ſo faded and gone off by damps and length of time, it coſt me infinite trouble to make any thing of it—I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius—then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience with it afreſh—and then to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza.—Still it kept hold of me; and the difficulty of underſtanding it increaſed but the deſire.

I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again—and after two or three hours poring upon it, with almoſt as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a nonſenſical inſcription, I thought I made ſenſe of it; but to make ſure of it, the beſt way, I imagined, was to turn it into Engliſh, and ſee how it would look then—ſo I went on leiſurely, as a trifling man does, ſometimes writing a ſentence—then taking a turn or two and then looking how the world went, out of the window; ſo that it was nine o'clock at night before I had done it—I then began and read it as follows.

THE

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

—Now, as the notary's wife diſputed the point with the notary with too much heat—I wish, ſaid the notary, throwing down the parchment, that there was another notary here only to ſet down and atteſt all this—

—And what would you do then, Monſieur? ſaid she, riſing haſtily up—the notary's wife was a little ſume of a woman, and the notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply—I would go, anſwered he, to bed.—You may go to the devil, anſwered the notary's wife.

Now there happening to be but one bed in the houſe, the other two rooms being unfurnished, as is the cuſtom at Paris, and the notary not caring to lie in the ſame bed with a woman who had but that moment ſent him pell-mell to the devil, went forth with his hat, and cane, and ſhort cloak, the night being very windy, and walked out ill at eaſe towards the *pont neuf*.

Of all the bridges which ever were built, the whole world who have paſſed over the *pont neuf*, muſt own, that it is the nobleſt—the fineſt—the grandeſt—the lighteſt—the longeſt—the broadeſt that ever conjoined land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe—

By this it ſeems as if the author of the fragment had not been a Frenchman.

The worſt fault which divines and the doctors of the Sorbonne can alledge againſt it, is, that if there is but a cap-full of wind in or about Paris, it is more blaſphemouſly *ſacre Dieu'd* there, than in any other aperture of the whole city—and with reaſon, good and cogent, Meſſieurs; for it comes againſt you without crying *gare l'eau*, and with ſuch unpremeditable puffs, that of the few who croſs it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

The poor notary, juſt as he was paſſing by the ſentry, inſtinctively clapped his cane to the ſide of it, but in raiſing it up, the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the ſentinel's hat, hoiſted it over the ſpikes of the balluſtrade clear into the Seine.—

—*It is an ill wind*, ſaid a boatman, who catched it, *which blows nobody any good.*

The ſentry, being a Gaſcon, incontinently twirled up his whiskers, and levelled his harquebuſs.

Harquebuſſes in thoſe days went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, ſhe had borrowed the ſentry's match to light it—it gave a moment's time for the Gaſcon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage—*It is an ill wind*, ſaid he, catching off the notary's caſtor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

The poor notary croſſed the bridge, and paſſing along the Rue Dauphine into the fauxbourg of St. Germain, lamented himſelf as he walked along, in this manner:

Luckleſs man that I am! ſaid the notary, to be the ſport of hurricanes all my days—to be born to have the ſtorm of ill language levelled againſt me and my profeſſion where ever I go—to be forced into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempeſt of a woman—to be driven forth out of my houſe by domeſtic winds, and deſpoiled of my caſtor by pontific ones—to be here, bare-headed, in a windy night, at the mercy of the ebbs and flows of accidents—where am I to lay my head?—miſerable man! what wind in the two-and-thirty points of the whole compaſs can blow unto thee, as it does to the reſt of thy fellow-creatures, good!

As the notary was paſſing on by a dark paſſage, complaining in this ſort, a voice called out to a girl, to bid her run for the next notary—now the notary being the next, and availing himſelf of his ſituation, walked up the paſſage to the door, and paſſing through an old ſort of a ſaloon, was uſhered into a large chamber diſmantled of every thing but a long military pike—a breaſt-plate—a ruſty old ſword, and bandoleer, hung up equidiſtant in four different places againſt the wall.

An old perſonnage who had heretofore

been a gentleman, and, unleſs decay of fortune taints the blood along with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay ſupporting his head upon his hand in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was ſet cloſe beſide it, and cloſe by the table was placed a chair—the notary ſat him down in it; and pulling out his ink-horn and a ſheet or two of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breaſt over the table, he diſpoſed every thing to make the gentleman's laſt will and teſtament.

Alas! Monſieur le Notaire, ſaid the gentleman, raiſing himſelf up a little, I have nothing to bequeath, which will pay the expence of bequeathing, except the hiſtory of myſelf, which I could not die in peace unleſs I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits ariſing out of it, I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me—it is a ſtory ſo uncommon, it muſt be read by all mankind—it will make the fortunes of your houſe—The notary dipped his pen into his ink-horn—Almighty director of every event in my life! ſaid the old gentleman, looking up earneſtly and raiſing his hands towards heaven—thou whoſe hand has led me on through ſuch a labyrinth of ſtrange paſſages down into this ſcene of deſolation, aſſiſt the decaying memory of an old, infirm, and broken-hearted man—direct my tongue by

the ſpirit of thy eternal truth, that this ſtranger may ſet down nought but what is written in that BOOK, from whoſe records, ſaid he, claſping his hands together, I am to be condemned or acquitted!—the notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye—

—It is a ſtory, Monſieur le Notaire, ſaid the gentleman, which will rouſe up every affection in nature—it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of cruelty herſelf with pity—

—The notary was inflamed with a deſire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his inkhorn—and the old gentleman turning a little more towards the notary, began to dictate his ſtory in theſe words—

—And where is the reſt of it, La Fleur? ſaid I, as he juſt entered the room.

THE FRAGMENT.

*AND THE * BOUQUET.*

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up cloſe to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me there were only two other ſheets of it, which he had wrapt round the ſtalks of a *bouquet*, to keep it together, which he had preſented to the *demoi-*

* *Noſegay.*

ſelle upon the *boulevards*—Then, prithee, La Fleur, ſaid I, ſtep back to her to the Count de B***'s hôtel, and *ſee if thou canſt get it*—There is no doubt of it, ſaid La Fleur—and away he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow came back quite out of breath, with deeper marks of diſappointment in his looks than could ariſe from the ſimple irreparability of the fragment—*Juſte ciel!* in leſs than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his laſt tender farewell of her—his faithleſs miſtreſs had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen—the footman to a young ſempſtreſs—and the ſempſtreſs to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it—Our misfortunes were involved together—I gave a ſigh—and La Fleur echoed it back again to my ear—

—How perfidious! cried La Fleur—How unlucky! ſaid I.

—I ſhould not have been mortified, Monſieur, quoth La Fleur, if ſhe had loſt it—Nor I, La Fleur, ſaid I, had I found it.

Whether I did or no, will be ſeen hereafter.

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

THE man who either diſdains or fears to walk up a dark entry, may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things;

but he will not do to make a good ſentimental traveller. I count little of the many things I ſee paſs at broad noon-day, in large and open ſtreets—Nature is ſhy, and hates to act before ſpectators; but in ſuch an unobſerved corner, you ſometimes ſee a ſingle ſhort ſcene of her's, worth all the ſentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together—and yet they are abſolutely fine—and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they ſuit a preacher juſt as well as a hero, I generally make my ſermon out of them—and for the text—« Cappadocia, Pontus and Aſia, Phrygia and Pamphilia »—is as good as any one in the Bible.

There is a long dark paſſage iſſuing out from the *opera comique* into a narrow ſtreet; it is trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre*, * or wish to get off quietly on foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a ſmall candle, the light of which is almoſt loſt before you get half-way down, but near the door—it is more for ornament than uſe: you ſee it as a fixed ſtar of the leaſt magnitude; it burns—but does little good to the world, that we know of.

In returning along this paſſage, I diſcerned, as I approached within five or ſix paces

* *Hackney-coach.*

of the door, two ladies ſtanding arm in arm, with their backs againſt the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre*—as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; ſo edged myſelf up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my ſtand—I was in black, and ſcarce ſeen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman of about thirty-ſix; the other of the ſame ſize and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them—they ſeemed to be two upright veſtal ſiſters, unſapped by careſſes, unbroke in upon by tender ſalutations: I could have wished to have made them happy—their happineſs was deſtined, that night to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expreſſion, and ſweet cadence at the end of it, begged for a twelve-ſous piece betwixt them, for the love of heaven. I thought it ſingular, that a beggar ſhould fix the quota of an alms—and that the ſum ſhould be twelve times as much as what is uſually given in the dark. They both ſeemed aſtonished at it as much as myſelf—Twelve ſous! ſaid one—a twelve-ſous piece! ſaid the other—and made no reply.

The poor man ſaid, he knew not how to ask leſs of ladies of their rank; and bowed down his head to the ground.

Poo! ſaid they—we have no money.

The beggar remained ſilent for a moment or two, and renewed his ſupplication.

Do not, my fair young ladies, ſaid he, ſtop your good ears againſt me—Upon my word, honeſt man! ſaid the younger, we have no change—Then God bleſs you, ſaid the poor man, and multiply thoſe joys which you can give to others without change!—I obſerved the elder ſiſter put her hand into her pocket—I will ſee, ſaid she, if I have a ſous.—A ſous! give twelve, ſaid the ſupplicant; Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.

I would, friend, with all my heart, ſaid the younger, if I had it.

My fair charitable! ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the elder—What is it but your goodneſs and humanity which make your bright eyes ſo ſweet, that they outshine the morning even in this dark paſſage? and what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother ſay ſo much of you both as they juſt paſſed by?

The two ladies ſeemed much affected; and impulſively at the ſame time they both put their hands into their pocket, and each took out a twelve-ſous piece.

The conteſt betwixt them and the poor ſupplicant was no more—it was continued betwixt themſelves, which of the two ſhould give the twelve-ſous piece in charity—and to end the diſpute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

PARIS.

I STEPPED haſtily after him: it was the very man whoſe ſucceſs in asking charity of the women before the door of the hôtel had ſo puzzled me—and I found at once his ſecret, or at leaſt the baſis of it—it was flattery.

Delicious eſſence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how ſtrongly are all its powers and all its weakneſſes on thy ſide! how ſweetly doſt thou mix with the blood, and help it through the moſt difficult and tortuous paſſages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not ſtraitened for time, had given it here in a larger doſe: it is certain he had a way of bringing it into leſs form, for the many ſudden caſes he had to do with in the ſtreets; but how he contrived to correct, ſweeten, concentre, and qualify it—I vex not my ſpirit with the inquiry—it is enough, the beggar gained two twelve-ſous pieces—and they can beſt tell the reſt, who have gained much greater matters by it.

PARIS.

WE get forwards in the world not ſo much by doing ſervices, as receiving them: you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground:

and then you water it, becauſe you have planted it.

Monſ. Le Comte de B***, merely becauſe he had done me one kindneſs in the affair of my paſſport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank: and they were to preſent me to others, and ſo on.

I had got maſter of my *ſecret*, juſt in time to turn theſe honours to ſome little account; otherwiſe, as is commonly the caſe, I ſhould have dined or ſupped a ſingle time or two round, and then by *tranſlating* French looks and attitudes into plain English, I ſhould preſently have ſeen, that I had got hold of the *couvert* * of ſome more entertaining gueſt; and in courſe ſhould have reſigned all my places one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them.—As it was, things did not go much amiſs.

I had the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B——: in days of yore he had ſignalized himſelf by ſome ſmall feats of chivalry in the *Cour d'amour*, and had dreſſed himſelf out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever ſince—the Marquis de B—— wished to have it thought the affair was ſomewhere elſe than in his brain. « He » could like to take a trip to England, » and asked much of the English ladies. Stay

* *Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and ſpoon.*

where you are, I beſeech you, Monſ. le Marquis, ſaid I—Les Meſſrs. Anglois can ſcarce get a kind look from them as it is.—The Marquis invited me to ſupper.

Monſ. P——the farmer-general was juſt as inquiſitive about our taxes.—They were very conſiderable, he heard—If we knew but how to collect them, ſaid I, making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Monſieur P——'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been miſrepreſented to Madame de Q——as an *eſprit*—Madame de Q—— was an *eſprit* herſelf; she burnt with impatience to ſee me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my ſeat, before I ſaw she did not care a ſous whether I had any wit or no—I was let in, to be convinced she had.—I call heaven to witneſs I never once opened the door of my lips.

Madame de Q—vowed to every creature she met, « She had never had more improv- » ing converſation with a man in her life ».

There are three epochas in the empire of a French-woman—She is coquette—then deiſt—then *dévote*: the empire during theſe is never loſt—she only changes her ſubjects: when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominion of the ſlaves of love, she repeoples it with ſlaves of infidelity—and then with the ſlaves of the church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt

the firſt of theſe epochas: the colour of the roſe was fading faſt away—she ought to have been a deiſt five years before the time I had the honour to pay my firſt viſit.

She placed me upon the ſame ſopha with her, for the ſake of diſputing the point of religion more cloſely.—In short, Madame de V*** told me, she believed nothing.

I told Madame de V*** it might be her principle; but I was ſure it could not be her intereſt to level the out-works, without which I could not conceive, how ſuch a citadel as her's could be defended—that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world, than for a beauty to be a deiſt—that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her—that I had not been five minutes ſat upon the ſopha beſide her, but I had begun to form deſigns—and what is it, but the ſentiments of religion, and the perſuaſion they had exiſted in her breaſt, which could have checked them as they roſe up?

We are not adamant, ſaid I, taking hold of her hand—and there is need of all reſtraints, till age in her own time ſteals in, and lays them on us—but, my dear lady, ſaid I, kiſſing her hand—it is too—too ſoon—

I declare I had the credit all over Paris, of unperverting Madame de V***—She affirmed to Monſieur D*** and the Abbé M***, that in one half hour I had ſaid

more for revealed religion, than all their Encyclopedia had ſaid againſt it—I was liſted directly into Madame de V***'s *Coterie*—and ſhe put off the epocha of deiſm for two years.

I remember it was in this *Coterie*, in the middle of a diſcourſe, in which I was ſhewing the neceſſity of a *firſt cauſe*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the furtheſt corner of the room, to tell me my *ſolitaire* was pinned too ſtrait about my neck—It ſhould be *plus badinant*, ſaid the Count, looking down upon his own—*but a word*, Monſ. Yorick, *to the wiſe*—

—And from the wiſe, Monſ. le Comte, replied I, making him a bow—*is enough.*

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met—*Pardi! ce Monſ. Yorick a autant d'eſprit que nous autres.—Il raiſonne bien*, ſaid another.—*C'eſt un bon enfant*, ſaid a third.—And at this price I could have eaten and drank, and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but it was a diſhoneſt *reckoning*—I grew aſhamed of it—it was the gain of a ſlave—every ſentiment of honour revolted againſt it—the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggarly ſyſtem*—the better the *Coterie*—the more children of Art—I languiſhed for thoſe of Nature: and

one night, after a moſt vile proſtitution of myſelf to half a dozen different people, I grew ſick—went to bed—ordered La Fleur to get me horſes in the morning, to ſet out for Italy.

MARIA.

MOULINS.

I NEVER felt what the diſtreſs of plenty was in any one ſhape till now—to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the ſweeteſt part of France—in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up—a journey, through each ſtep of which, Muſic beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their cluſters—to paſs through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Juſt heaven!—it would fill up twenty volumes—and, alas! I have but a few ſmall pages left of this to crowd it into—and half of theſe muſt be taken up with the poor Maria, my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulins.

The ſtory he had told of that diſordered maid, affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where ſhe lived, it returned ſo ſtrong into

my mind, that I could not reſiſt an impulſe which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to inquire after her.

It is going, I own, like the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, in queſt of melancholy adventures—but I know not how it is, but I am never ſo perfectly conſcious of the exiſtence of a ſoul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door, her looks told me the ſtory before ſhe opened her mouth—She had loſt her husband: he had died, ſhe ſaid, of anguish, for the loſs of Maria's ſenſes, about a month before—ſhe had feared at firſt, ſhe added, that it would have plundered the poor girl of what little underſtanding was left—but on the contrary, it had brought her more to herſelf—ſtill ſhe could not reſt—her poor daughter, ſhe ſaid, crying, was wandering ſomewhere about the road—

—Why does my pulſe beat languid, as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whoſe heart ſeemed only to be tuned to joy, to paſs the back of his hand twice acroſs his eyes, as the woman ſtood and told it? I beckoned to the poſtillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulins, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I diſcovered poor Ma-

ria ſitting under a poplar—ſhe was ſitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one ſide within her hand—a ſmall brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the poſtillion go on with the chaiſe to Moulins—and La Fleur to beſpeak my ſupper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dreſſed in white, and much as my friend deſcribed her, except that her hair hung looſe, which before was twiſted within a ſilk-net.—She had, ſuperadded likewiſe to her jacket, a pale green ribband, which fell acroſs her ſhoulder to the waiſt; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithleſs as her lover; and ſhe had got a little dog in lieu of him, which ſhe had kept tied by a ſtring to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, ſhe drew him towards her with the ſtring—« Thou ſhalt » not leave me, Sylvio, » ſaid ſhe. I looked in Maria's eyes, and ſaw ſhe was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as ſhe uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I ſat down cloſe by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then ſteeped it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wiped her's again—and as I did it, I felt ſuch undeſcribable emotions within me, as I am ſure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am poſitive I have a ſoul; nor can all the books with which materialiſts have peſtered the world, ever convince me to the contrary.

MARIA.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herſelf, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin perſon of a man, who had ſat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She ſaid, she was much unſettled at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts —that ill as she was, she ſaw the perſon pitied her; and next, that her goat had ſtolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it, she ſaid, in the brook, and kept it ever ſince in her pocket, to reſtore it to him, in caſe she should ever ſee him again, which, she added, he had half promiſed her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me ſee it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I ſaw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had ſince that, she told me, ſtrayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way alone acroſs the Apennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes—how she had born it,

and how she had got ſupported, she could not tell—but *God tempers the wind*, ſaid Maria, *to the ſhorn lamb.*

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, ſaid I; and waſt thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and ſhelter thee: thou ſhouldſt eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weakneſſes and wanderings I would ſeek after thee, and bring thee back—when the ſun went down, I would ſay my prayers, and when I had done, thou ſhouldſt play thy evening ſong upon thy pipe, nor would the incenſe of my ſacrifice be worſe accepted, for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria obſerving, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was ſteeped too much already to be of uſe, would need go wash it in the ſtream.—And where will you dry it, Maria? ſaid I—I will dry it in my boſom, ſaid she—it will do me good.

And is your heart ſtill ſo warm, Maria? ſaid I.

I touched upon the ſtring on which hung all her ſorrows—she looked with wiſtful diſorder for ſome time in my face; and then, without ſaying any thing, took her pipe, and played her ſervice to the Virgin—The ſtring I had touched ceaſed to vi-

brate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herſelf—let her pipe fall—and roſe up.

And where are you going, Maria? ſaid I.—She ſaid, to Moulins—Let us go, ſaid I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the ſtring, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulins.

MARIA.

MOULINS.

THOUGH I hate ſalutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I ſtopped to take my laſt look and laſt farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheleſs of the firſt order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with ſomething that was ſcarce earthly—ſtill ſhe was feminine—and ſo much was there about her of all that the heart wiſhes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and thoſe of Eliza's out of mine, ſhe ſhould *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria ſhould lie in my boſom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckleſs maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compaſſion of a ſtranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruiſed thee, can only bind them up for ever.

THE BOURBONNOIS.

THERE was nothing from which I had painted out for myſelf ſo joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France; but preſſing through this gate of ſorrow to it, my ſufferings have totally unfitted me: in every ſcene of feſtivity I ſaw Maria in the back-ground of the piece, ſitting penſive under her poplar; and I had got almoſt to Lyon before I was able to caſt a shade acroſs her—

—Dear ſenſibility! ſource inexhauſted of all that's precious in our joys, or coſtly in our ſorrows! thou chaineſt thy martyr down upon his bed of ſtraw—and it is thou who lifts him up to HEAVEN—Eternal fountain of our feelings!—it is here I trace thee—and this is thy « *divinity which ſtirs within me* » —not, that in ſome ſad and ſickening moments, « *my ſoul ſhrinks back upon herſelf*, » *and ſtartles at deſtruction* »—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel ſome generous joys and generous cares beyond myſelf—all comes from the, great—great SENSORIUM of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground, in the remoteſt deſert of thy creation.—Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish—hears my tale of ſymptoms, and

blames the weather for the diſorder of his nerves. Thou giveſt a portion of it ſometimes to the roughеſt peaſant who traverſes the bleakeſt mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock—This moment I beheld him leaning with his head againſt his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it—Oh! had I come one moment ſooner!—it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it—

Peace to thee, generous ſwain!—I ſee thou walkeſt off with anguish—but thy joys ſhall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the ſharer of it—and happy are the lambs which ſport about you.

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming looſe from the fore-foot of the thill-horſe, at the beginning of the aſcent of Mount Taurira, the poſtillion diſmounted, twiſted the ſhoe off, and put it in his pocket; as the aſcent was of five or ſix miles, and that horſe our main dependance, I made a point of having the ſhoe faſtened on again, as well as we could; but the poſtillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaiſe-box, being of no great uſe without them, I ſubmitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road,

the poor devil loſt a ſecond ſhoe, and from off his other fore-foot; I then got out of the chaiſe in good earneſt; and ſeeing a houſe about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the poſtillion to turn up to it. The look of the houſe, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, ſoon reconciled me to the diſaſter.—It was a little farm-houſe, ſurrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn—and cloſe to the houſe, on one ſide, was a *potagerie* of an acre and an half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peaſant's houſe—and on the other ſide was a little wood which furniſhed wherewithal to dreſs it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the houſe—ſo I left the poſtillion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walked directly into the houſe.

The family conſiſted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or ſix ſons and ſons-in-law, and their ſeveral wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all ſitting down together to their lentil-ſoup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it promiſed joy through the ſtages of the repaſt—'twas a feaſt of love.

The old man roſe up to meet me, and with a reſpectful cordiality would have me

ſit down at the table; my heart was ſat down the moment I entered the room; ſo I ſat down at once like a ſon of the family; and to inveſt myſelf in the character as ſpeedily as I could, I inſtantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myſelf a hearty luncheon; and, as I did it, I ſaw a teſtimony in every eye, not only of an honeſt welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not ſeemed to doubt it.

Was it this—or tell me, Nature, what elſe it was which made this morſel ſo ſweet—and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was ſo delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the ſupper was to my taſte—the grace which followed it was much more ſo.

THE GRACE.

WHEN ſupper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife—to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the ſignal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tie up their hair—and the young men to the door to waſh their faces, and change their ſabots; and in three minutes, every ſoul was ready upon a little eſplanade before the houſe, to begin—The old man

man and his wife came out laſt, and, placing me betwixt them, ſat down upon a ſopha of turf by the door.

The old man had ſome fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the *vielle*—and, at the age he was then of, touched well enough for the purpoſe. His wife ſung now and then a little to the tune—then intermitted—and joined her old man again, as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the ſecond dance, when, from ſome pauſes in the movement wherein they all ſeemed to look up, I fancied I could diſtinguish an elevation of ſpirit different from that which is the cauſe or the effect of ſimple jollity.—In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance—but, as I had never ſeen her ſo engaged, I ſhould have looked upon it now as one of the illuſions of an imagination, which is eternally miſleading me, had not the old man, as ſoon as the dance ended, ſaid, that this was their conſtant way; and that all his life long, he had made it a rule, after ſupper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice: believing, he ſaid, that a chearful and contented mind was the beſt ſort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peaſant could pay—

—Or a learned prelate either, ſaid I.

THE CASE OF DELICACY.

WHEN you have gained the top of Mount Taurira, you run preſently down to Lyon—adieu then to all rapid movements! It is a journey of caution; and it fares better with ſentiments, not to be in a hurry with them; ſo I contracted with a Voiturin to take his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaiſe ſafe to Turin through Savoy.

Poor patient, quiet, honeſt people! fear not; your poverty, the treaſury of your ſimple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your vallies be invaded by it.—Nature! in the midſt of thy diſorders, thou art ſtill friendly to the ſcantineſs thou haſt created—with all thy great works about thee, little haſt thou left to give, either to the ſcithe or to the ſickle—but to that little, thou granteſt ſafety and protection; and ſweet are the dwellings which ſtand ſo ſheltered!

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the ſudden turns and dangers of your roads—your rocks—your precipices—the difficulties of getting up—the horrors of getting down—mountains impracticable—and cataracts, which roll down great ſtones from their ſummits, and block up his road.—The peaſants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind be-

tween St. Michael and Madane; and by the time my Voiturin got to the place, it wanted full two hours of completing before a paſſage could any how be gained: there was nothing but to wait with patience—it was a wet and tempeſtuous night; ſo that, by the delay, and that together, the Voiturin found himſelf obliged to take up, five miles ſhort of his ſtage, at a little decent kind of an inn by the road ſide.

I forthwith took poſſeſſion of my bed-chamber—got a good fire—ordered ſupper; and was thanking heaven it was no worſe—when a voiture arrived with a lady in it and her ſervant maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the houſe, the hoſteſs, without much nicety, led them into mine, telling them, as she ushered them in, that there was no body in it but an English gentleman—that there were two good beds in it, and a cloſet within the room which held another—The accent in which she ſpoke of this third bed, did not ſay much for it—however, she ſaid, there were three beds, and but three people—and she durſt ſay, the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters.—I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it—ſo inſtantly made a declaration I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an abſolute ſurrender of my bed-chamber, I ſtill felt my-

ſelf ſo much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it—ſo I deſired the lady to ſit down—preſſed her into the warmeſt ſeat—called for more wood—deſired the hoſteſs to enlarge the plan of the ſupper, and to favour us with the very beſt wine.

The lady had ſcarce warmed herſelf five minutes at the fire, before she began to turn her head back, and give a look at the beds; and the oftener she caſt her eyes that way, the more they returned perplexed—I felt for her—and for myſelf; for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the caſe itſelf, I found myſelf as much embarraſſed as it was poſſible the lady could be herſelf.

That the beds we were to lie in were in one and the ſame room, was enough ſimply by itſelf to have excited all this—but the poſition of them, for they ſtood parallel, and ſo very cloſe to each other, as only to allow ſpace for a ſmall wicker chair betwixt them, rendered the affair ſtill more oppreſſive to us—they were fixed up moreover near the fire, and the projection of the chimney on one ſide, and a large beam which croſſed the room on the other, formed a kind of receſs for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our ſenſations—if any thing could have added to it, it was, that the two beds were both of them ſo very ſmall, as to cut us off from every

idea of the lady and the maid lying together; which in either of them, could it have been feaſible, my lying beſide them, though a thing not to be wished, yet there was nothing in it ſo terrible, which the imagination might not have paſſed over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offered little or no conſolation to us; it was a damp cold cloſet, with a half diſmantled window-shutter, and with a window which had neither glaſs or oil-paper in it to keep out the tempeſt of the night. I did not endeavour to ſtifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; ſo it reduced the caſe in courſe to this alternative—that the lady should ſacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the cloſet herſelf, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid—or that the girl should take the cloſet, *&c. &c.*

The lady was a Piedmonteſe of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks.—The maid was a Lyonnoiſe of twenty, and as brisk and lively a French girl as ever moved.—There were difficulties every way,—and the obſtacle of the ſtone in the road, which brought us into the diſtreſs, great as it appeared whilſt the peaſants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our way now—I have only to add, that it did not leſſen the weight which hung

upon our ſpirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt, to each other, upon the occaſion.

We ſat down to ſupper; and had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furniſhed, our tongues had been tied up, till Neceſſity herſelf had ſet them at liberty—but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, ſent down her *fille de chambre* for a couple of them; ſo that by the time ſupper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourſelves inſpired with a ſtrength of mind ſufficient to talk, at leaſt, without reſerve, upon our ſituation. We turned it every way, and debated, and conſidered it in all kind of lights, in the courſe of a two hours negociation; at the end of which, the articles were ſettled finally betwixt us, and ſtipulated for, in form and manner of a treaty of peace—and, I believe, with as much religion and good faith on both ſides, as in any treaty which has yet had the honour of being handed down to poſterity.

They were as follow:

Firſt. As the right of the bed-chamber is in Monſieur—and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the warmeſt, he inſiſts upon the conceſſion on the lady's ſide of taking up with it.

Granted, on the part of Madame; with a proviſo, that as the curtains of that bed

are of a ſlimſy tranſparent cotton, and appear likewiſe too ſcanty to draw cloſe, that the *fille de chambre* ſhall faſten up the opening, either by corking pins, or needle and thread, in ſuch manner as ſhall be deemed a ſufficient barrier on the ſide of Monſieur.

2dly. It is required on the part of Madame, that Monſieur ſhall lie the whole night through in his *robe de chambre*.

Rejected: inaſmuch as Monſieur is not worth a *robe de chambre*; he having nothing in his port-manteau, but ſix ſhirts, and a black ſilk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the ſilk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article—for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the *robe de chambre*, and ſo it was ſtipulated and agreed upon, that I ſhould lie in my black ſilk breeches all night.

3dly. It was inſiſted upon, and ſtipulated for, by the lady, that after Monſieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguiſhed, that Monſieur ſhould not ſpeak one ſingle word the whole night.

Granted; provided Monſieur's ſaying his prayers, might not be deemed an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which the lady and myſelf ſhould be obliged to undreſs and get to bed—there was but one way of doing it, and that I leave to the

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reader to deviſe; proteſting as I do it, that if it is not the moſt delicate in nature, it is the fault of his own imagination—againſt which this is not my firſt complaint.

Now when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the ſituation, or what it was, I know not; but ſo it was, I could not ſhut my eyes; I tried this ſide and that, and turned and turned again, till a full hour after midnight; when Nature and patience both wearing out—O my God! ſaid I—

—You have broke the treaty, Monſieur, ſaid the lady, who had no more ſlept than myſelf.—I begged a thouſand pardons—but inſiſted it was no more than an ejaculation—she maintained it was an entire infraction of the treaty—I maintained it was provided for in the clauſe of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up the point, though she weaken'd her barrier by it; for in the warmth of the diſpute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

Upon my word and honour, Madame; ſaid I—ſtretching my arm out of bed, by way of aſſeveration—

—(I was going to have added, that I would not have treſpaſſed againſt the remoteſt idea of decorum for the world)—

—But the *fille de chambre* hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hoſtilities would enſue in courſe, had crept

ſilently out of her cloſet, and it being totally dark, had ſtolen ſo cloſe to our beds, that she had got herſelf into the narrow paſſage which ſeparated them, and had advanced ſo far up has to be in a line betwixt her miſtreſs and me—

So that when I ſtretched out my hand, I caught hold of the *fille de chambre's*—.

END OF VOLUME II.

A POLITICAL ROMANCE,

ADDRESSED

To ——————, Esq;

OF YORK.

A

POLITICAL

ROMANCE,

ADDRESSED

To ——————, Esq.

OF YORK.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little piece was written by Mr. STERNE in the year 1759, but for private reasons was then suppressed. The recovery of this satirical performance from oblivion, as worthy of so masterly a pen, will, it is hoped, be a sufficient excuse with all lovers of literary merit, for thus bringing it to public view.

Late Parſon,	Abp. H-RR—G.
Parſon of the Parish,	Abp. H—TT—N.
John the Clerk,	Dean of York. FOUNT-N.
Trim,	Dr. T-PH-M.
Mark Slender,	Dr. BRAITH—T.
Lorry Slim,	LAWRENCE ST—NE.
William Doe,	Mr. BIRDM—E.

Village, York.

Author, Mr. LAWRENCE ST—NE.

A POLITICAL ROMANCE.

SIR,

IN my laſt, for want of ſomething better to write about, I told you what a world of fending and proving we have had of late, in this little village of ours, about an old caſt pair of black plush-breeches, which John our parish-clerk, about ten years ago, it ſeems, had made a promiſe of to one Trim, who is our ſexton and dog-whipper.—To this you write me word, that you have had more than either one or two occaſions to know a good deal of the ſhifty behaviour of the ſaid maſter Trim—and that you are aſtonished, nor can you for your ſoul conceive, how ſo worthleſs a fellow, and ſo worthleſs a thing into the bargain, could become the occaſion of ſo much racket as I have repreſented.—

Now, though you do not ſay expreſly you could wish to hear any more about it, yet I ſee plainly enough I have raiſed your

curioſity; and therefore, from the ſame motive that I ſlightly mentioned it at all in my laſt letter, I will in this give you a full and very circumſtantial account of the whole affair.

But before I begin, I muſt firſt ſet you right in one very material point, in which I have miſled you, as the true cauſe of all this uproar amongſt us—which does not take its riſe, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches; but on the contrary, the whole affair of the breeches has taken its riſe from it.—To underſtand which, you muſt know, that the firſt beginning of the ſquable was not betwixt John the parish-clerk and Trim the ſexton, but betwixt the parſon of the parish and the ſaid maſter Trim, about an old watch-coat that had hung up many years in the church, which Trim had ſet his heart upon; and nothing would ſerve Trim but he muſt take it home, in order to have it converted into a warm under-petticoat for his wife, and a jerkin for himſelf againſt winter; which, in a plaintive tone, he moſt humbly begged his reverence would conſent to.

I need not tell you, Sir, who have ſo often felt it, that a principle of ſtrong compaſſion tranſports a generous mind ſometimes beyond what is ſtrictly right;—the parſon was within an ace of being an honourable example of this very crime—for no ſooner

did the distinct words—petticoat—poor wife—warm—winter, strike upon his ear—but his heart warmed—and before Trim had well got to the end of his petition (being a gentleman of a frank open temper) he told him he was welcome to it with all his heart and soul.—But Trim, says he, as you see I am but just got down to my living, and am an utter stranger to all parish-matters, knowing nothing about this old watch-coat you beg of me, having never seen it in my life, and therefore cannot be a judge whether 'tis fit for such a purpose, or, if it is, in truth know not whether 'tis mine to bestow upon you or not—you must have a week or ten days patience, till I can make some inquiries about it—and, if I find it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an under-petticoat out of it, and you to a jerkin, was the thing as good again as you represent it.

It is necessary to inform you, Sir, in this place, that the parson was earnestly bent to serve Trim in this affair, not only from the motive of generosity, which I have justly ascribed to him, but likewise from another motive, and that was by making some sort of recompence for a multitude of small services which Trim had occasionally done, and indeed was continually doing (as he was much about the house) when his own

man was out of the way.—For all theſe reaſons together, I ſay, the parſon of the parish intended to ſerve Trim in this matter to the utmoſt of his power. All that was wanting, was previouſly to inquire if any one had a claim to it, or whether, as it had time immemorial hung up in the church, the taking it down might not raiſe a clamour in the parish. Theſe inquiries were the things that Trim dreaded in his heart—he knew very well, that, if the parſon should but ſay one word to the church-wardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this, and ſome other reaſons not neceſſary to be told you at preſent, Trim was for allowing no time in this matter—but, on the contrary, doubled his diligence and importunity at the vicarage-houſe—plagued the whole family to death—preſſed his ſuit morning, noon, and night; and, to shorten my ſtory, teazed the poor gentleman, who was but in an ill ſtate of health, almoſt out of his life about it.

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all this hurry and precipitation, on the ſide of maſter Trim, produced its natural effect on the ſide of the parſon, and that was a ſuſpicion that all was not right at the bottom.

He was one evening ſitting alone in his ſtudy, weighing and turning this doubt every way in his mind, and after an hour and a

half's ſerious deliberation upon the affair, and running over Trim's behaviour throughout—he was juſt ſaying to himſelf—it muſt be ſo—when a ſudden rap at the door put an end to his ſoliloquy, and in a few minutes, to his doubts too; for a labourer in the town, who deemed himſelf paſt his fifty-ſecond year, had been returned by the conſtables in the militia liſt—And he had come with a groat in his hand to ſearch the parish-regiſter for his age. The parſon bid the poor fellow put the groat into his pocket, and go into the kitchen—then ſhutting the ſtudy-door, and taking down the parish-regiſter—Who knows, ſays he, but I may find ſomething here about this ſelf-ſame watch-coat? He had ſcarce unclaſped the book, in ſaying this, when he popped on the very thing he wanted, fairly wrote in the firſt page, paſted to the inſide of one of the covers, whereon was a memorandum about the very thing in queſtion, in theſe expreſs words—« Memorandum. The great » watch-coat was purchaſed and given above » two hundred years ago, by the lord of » the manor, to this parish-church, to the » ſole uſe and behoof of the poor ſextons » thereof, and their ſucceſſors for ever, to » be worn by them reſpectively in winterly » cold nights in ringing complines, paſſing-» bells, &c. which the ſaid lord of the ma-» nor had done in piety to keep the poor

» wretches warm, and for the good of his » own ſoul, for which they were directed » to pray, &c. » Juſt heaven! ſaid the parſon to himſelf, looking upwards, what an eſcape have I had! give this for an underpetticoat to Trim's wife! I would not have conſented to ſuch a deſecration to be Primate of all England—nay, I would not have diſturbed a ſingle button of it for all my tithes.

Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when in pops Trim with the whole ſubject of the exclamation under both his arms—I ſay, under both his arms—for he had actually got it ript and cut out ready, his own jerkin under one arm, and the petticoat under the other, in order to carry to the taylor to be made up, and had juſt ſtepped in, in high ſpirits, to ſhew the parſon how cleverly it had held out.

There are now many good ſimiles ſubſiſting in the world, but which I have neither time to recollect or look for, which would give you a ſtrong conception of the aſtoniſhment and honeſt indignation which this unexpected ſtroke of Trim's impudence impreſſed upon the parſon's looks—let it ſuffice to ſay, that it exceeded all fair deſcription—as well as all power of proper reſentment—except this, that Trim was ordered, in a ſtern voice, to lay the bundles down upon the table—to go about his buſineſs, and wait upon him,

at his peril, the next morning at eleven preciſely.—Againſt this hour, like a wiſe man, the parſon had ſent to deſire John the parish-clerk, who bore an exceeding good character as a man of truth, and who, having moreover a pretty freehold of about eighteen pounds a-year in the township, was a leading man in it; and, upon the whole, was ſuch a one, of whom it might be ſaid, that he rather did honour to his office, than that his office did honour to him—him he ſends for, with the church-wardens, and one of the ſideſmen, a grave, knowing old man, to be preſent—for, as Trim had withheld the whole truth from the parſon, touching the watch-coat, he thought it probable he would as certainly do the ſame thing to others. Though this, I ſaid, was wiſe, the trouble of the precaution might have been ſpared—becauſe the parſon's character was unblemished—and he had ever been held by the world in the eſtimation of a man of honour and integrity. —Trim's character on the contrary, was as well known, if not in the world, at leaſt in all the parish, to be that of a little, dirty, pimping, pettifogging, ambidextrous fellow —who neither cared what he did or ſaid of any, provided he could get a penny by it. This might, I ſaid, have made any precaution needleſs—but you muſt know, as the parſon had in a manner but juſt got down to his living, he dreaded the conſequences

of the leaſt ill impreſſion on his firſt entrance among his parishioners, which would have diſabled him from doing them the good he wished—ſo that out of regard to his flock, more than the neceſſary care due to himſelf, he was reſolved not to lie at the mercy of what reſentment might vent, or malice lend an ear to.—

Accordingly the whole matter was rehearſed, from firſt to laſt, by the parſon, in the manner I've told you, in the hearing of John the parish-clerk, and in the preſence of Trim.

Trim had little to ſay for himſelf, except « that the parſon had abſolutely promiſed to befriend him and his wife in the affair to the utmoſt of his power; that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might ſtill give it him if he pleaſed ».

To this the parſon's reply was short, but ſtrong, « that nothing was in his power to do but what he could do honeſtly—that, in giving the coat to him and his wife, he ſhould do a manifeſt wrong to the next ſexton, the great watch-coat being the moſt comfortable part of the place—that he ſhould moreover injure the right of his own ſucceſſor who would be juſt ſo much a worſe patron as the worth of the coat amounted to; and, in a word, he declared, that his whole intent in promiſing that coat, was charity to Trim, but wrong to no man—that was a

reſerve, he ſaid, made in all caſes of this kind: and he declared ſolemnly, *in verbo ſacerdotis*, that this was his meaning, and was ſo underſtood by Trim himſelf ».

With the weight of this truth, and the great good ſenſe and ſtrong reaſon which accompanied all the parſon ſaid on the ſubject—poor Trim was driven to his laſt ſhift—and begged he might be ſuffered to plead his right and title to the watch-coat, if not by promiſe, at leaſt by ſervitude—it was well known how much he was intitled to it upon theſe ſcores: « that he had black'd the parſon's ſhoes without count, and greaſed his boots above fifty times—that he had run for eggs in the town upon all occaſions—whetted the knives at all hours—catched his horſe, and rubbed him down—that, for his wife, ſhe had been ready upon all occaſions to char for them; and neither he nor ſhe, to the beſt of his remembrance, ever took a farthing, or any thing beyond a mug of ale ».—To this account of his ſervices, he begged leave to add thoſe of his wiſhes, which, he ſaid, had been equally great—he affirmed, and was ready, he ſaid, to make it appear, by a number of witneſſes, « he had drank his reverence's health a thouſand times (by the by, he did not add, out of the parſon's own ale)—that he had not only drank his health, but wiſhed it, and never came to the houſe but asked his

man kindly how he did—that in particular, about half a year ago, when his reverence cut his finger in paring an apple, he went half a mile to ask a cunning woman what was good to ſtaunch blood, and actually returned with a cobweb in his breeches-pocket. Nay, ſays Trim, it was not a fortnight ago, when your reverence took that ſtrong purge, that I went to the far end of the whole town to borrow you a cloſe-ſtool—and came back, as the neighbours who flouted me will all bear witneſs, with the pan upon my head, and never thought it too much ». Trim concluded this pathetic remonſtrance, with ſaying! « He hoped his reverence's heart would not ſuffer him to requite ſo many faithful ſervices by ſo unkind a return: that if it was ſo, as he was the firſt, ſo he hoped he ſhould be the laſt example of a man of his condition ſo treated ».—This plan of Trim's defence, which Trim had put himſelf upon, could admit of no other reply than a general ſmile.—Upon the whole, let me inform you, that all that could be ſaid *pro* and *con*, on both ſides, being fairly heard, it was plain that Trim, in every part of this affair, had behaved very ill—and one thing, which was never expected to be known of him, happened in the courſe of this debate to come out againſt him, namely, that he had gone and told the parſon, before he had ever ſet foot in his parish,

that

that John his parish-clerk—his church-wardens, and ſome of the heads of the parish, were a parcel of ſcoundrels.—Upon the upshot, Trim was kick'd out of doors, and told at his peril never to come there again.

At firſt, Trim huff'd and bounced moſt terribly—ſwore he would get a warrant—that nothing would ſerve him but he would call a by-law, and tell the whole parish how the parſon had miſuſed him; but cooling of that, as fearing the parſon might poſſibly bind him over to his good behaviour, and, for aught he knew, might ſend him to the houſe of correction, he lets the parſon alone, and to revenge himſelf, falls foul upon the clerk, who had no more to do in the quarrel than you or I—rips up the promiſe of the old—caſt—pair of black—plush—breeches; and raiſes a uproar in the town about it, notwithſtanding it had ſlept ten years—but all this, you muſt know, is looked upon in no other light but as an artful ſtroke of generalſhip in Trim to raiſe a duſt, and cover himſef under the diſgraceful chaſtiſement he has undergone.—

If your curioſity is not yet ſatisfied—I will now proceed to relate the *battle* of the *breeches* in the ſame exact manner I have done that of the watch-coat.

Be it known then, that about ten years ago, when John was appointed parish-clerk of this church, this ſaid Trim took no ſmall

pains to get into John's good graces, in order, as it afterwards appeared, to coax a promiſe out of him a pair of breeches, which John had then by him, of black plush, not much the worſe for wearing—Trim only begg'd, for God's ſake, to have them beſtowed upon him when John ſhould think fit to caſt them.—

Trim was one of theſe kind of men who loved a bit of finery in his heart, and would rather have a tatter'd rag of a better body's, than the beſt plain whole thing his wife could ſpin him.

John, who was naturally unſuſpicious, made no more difficulty of promiſing the breeches than the parſon had done in promiſing the great coat; and indeed with ſomething leſs reſerve—becauſe the breeches were John's own, and he could give them, without wrong, to whom he thought fit.

It happened, I was going to ſay unluckily, but I ſhould rather ſay moſt luckily, for Trim, for he was the only gainer by it, that a quarrel, about ſome ſix or eight weeks after this, broke out betwixt the late parſon of the parish and John the clerk. Somebody (and it was thought to be nobody but Trim) had put it into the parſon's head, « that John's deſk in the church
» was at the leaſt four inches higher than it
» ſhould be—that the thing gave offence
» and was indecorous, inaſmuch as it ap-

» proached too near upon a level with the » parſon's desk itſelf ».—This hardship the parſon complained of loudly, and told John, one day after prayers, « he could bear » it no longer—and would have it altered, » and brought down as it should be ». John made no other reply, but « that the desk » was not of his raiſing:—that 'twas not one » hair breadth higher than he found it—and » that as he found it, ſo he would leave » it.—In short, he would neither make an » encroachment, neither would he ſuffer » one ».—The late parſon might have his virtues, but the leading part of his character was not humility—ſo that John's ſtiffneſs in this point was not likely to reconcile matters.—This was Trim's harveſt.

After a friendly hint to John to ſtand his ground, away hies Trim to make his market at the vicarage.—What paſſed there I will not ſay, intending not to be uncharitable; ſo ſhall content myſelf with only gueſſing at it, from the ſudden change that appeared in Trim's dreſs for the better—for he had left his old ragged coat, hat, and wig, in the ſtable, and was come forth ſtrutting acroſs the church-yard, clad in a good charitable caſt-coat, large hat, and wig, which the parſon had juſt given him.—Ho! ho! hollo! John, cries Trim, in an inſolent bravo, as loud as ever he could bawl—ſee here, my lad, how fine I am!—The more ſhame for

you, anſwered John ſeriouſly—Do you think, Trim, ſays he, ſuch finery, gained by ſuch ſervices, becomes you, or can wear well?—Fy upon it, Trim, I could not have expected this from you, conſidering what friendſhip you pretended, and how kind I have ever been to you—how many ſhillings, and ſix-pences, I have generouſly lent you in your diſtreſſes.—Nay, it was but the other day that I promiſed you theſe black plush breeches I have on.—Rot your breeches, quoth Trim (for Trim's brain was half turned with his new finery) rot your breeches, ſays he—I would not take them up, were they laid at my door—give them, and be d—d to you,—to whom you like—I would have you to know I can have a better pair of the parſon's any day in the week—John told him plainly, as his word had once paſſed him, he had a ſpirit above taking advantage of his inſolence, in giving them away to another—but, to tell him his mind freely, he thought he had got ſo many favours of that kind, and was ſo likely to get many more for the ſame ſervices, of the parſon, that he had better give up the breeches, with good nature, to ſome one who would be more thankful for them.

Here John mentioned Mark Slender (who it ſeems the day before had aſked John for them) not knowing they were under

promiſe to Trim—« Come, Trim, ſays he, » let poor Mark have them—you know he » has not a pair to his a—: beſides, you » ſee he is juſt of my ſize, and they will » fit to a T; whereas if I give them to you, » look ye, they are not worth much; and » beſides, you could not get your backſide » into them, if you had them, without » tearing them all to pieces »—Every tittle of this was moſt undoubtedly true; for Trim, you muſt know, by foul feeding, and playing the good-fellow at the parſon's, was grown ſomewhat groſs about the lower parts, *if not higher*; ſo that, as all John ſaid upon the occaſion was fact, Trim, with much ado, and after a hundred hums and hahs, at laſt, out of mere compaſſion to Mark, *ſigns, ſeals, and delivers up* ALL RIGHT, INTEREST, AND PRETENSIONS WHATSOEVER IN AND TO THE SAID BREECHES, THEREBY BINDING HIS HEIRS, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, AND ASSIGNS, NEVER MORE TO CALL THE SAID CLAIM IN QUESTION. —All this renunciation was ſet forth, in an ample manner, to be in pure pity to Mark's nakedneſs—but the ſecret was, Trim had an eye to, and firmly expected, in his own mind, the great green pulpit-cloth, and old velvet cushion, which were that very year to be taken down—which, by the by, could he have wheedled John a ſecond time, as he had hoped, would have made

up the loſs of the breeches ſeven-fold.

Now you muſt know, this pulpit-cloth and cushion were not in John's gift, but in the church-wardens, &c. However, as I ſaid above, that John was a leading man in the parish, Trim knew he could help him to 'em if he would—but John had got a ſurfeit of him—ſo when the pulpit-cloth, &c. were taken down, they were immediately given (John having a great ſay in it) to William Doe, who underſtood very well what uſe to make of them.

As for the old breeches, poor Mark lived to wear them but a short time, and they got into the poſſeſſion of Lorry Slim, an unlucky wight, by whom they are ſtill worn—in truth, as you will gueſs, they are very thin by this time.

But Lorry has a light heart, and what recommends them to him, is this, that, as thin as they are, he knows that Trim, let him ſay what he will to the contrary, ſtill envies the poſſeſſor of them, and, with all his pride, would be very glad to wear them after him.

Upon this footing have theſe affairs ſlept quietly for near ten years—and would have ſlept for ever, but for the unlucky kicking-bout, which, as I ſaid, has ripped this ſquabble up afreſh; ſo that it was no longer ago than laſt week, that Trim met and inſulted John in the public town-way before a hundred

people—tax'd him with the promiſe of the old caſt pair of black breeches, notwithſtanding Trim's ſolemn renunciation—twitted him with the pulpit-cloth and velvet cushion—as good as told him he was ignorant of the common duties of his clerkship; adding very inſolently, that he knew not ſo much as to give out a common pſalm in tune.

John contented himſelf by giving a plain anſwer to every article that Trim had laid to his charge, and appealed to his neighbours, who remembered the whole affair—and, as he knew there was never any thing to be got by wreſtling with a chimney-ſweeper, he was going to take his leave of Trim for ever. But hold—the mob by this time had got round them, and their high mightineſſes inſiſted upon having Trim tried upon the ſpot.

Trim was accordingly tried, and, after a full hearing, was convicted a ſecond time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them than even at the parſon's.—

Trim, ſays one, are you not aſhamed of yourſelf, to make all this rout and diſturbance in the town, and ſet neighbours together by the ears, about an old—worn—out—pair of caſt—breeches, not worth half a crown? Is there a caſt coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a ſhilling, but what you have ſnapped up like a greedy hound as you are?—

In the firſt place, are you not ſexton and dog-whipper, worth three pounds a year? Then you begged the church-wardens to let your wife have the waſhing and darning of the church-linen, which brings you in thirteen ſhillings and four pence; and then you have ſix ſhillings and eight pence for oiling and winding up the clock, both paid you at Eaſter—the pounder's place, which is worth forty ſhillings a-year, you have got that too—you are the bailiff, which the late parſon got you which brings you in forty ſhillings more.

Beſides all this, you have ſix pounds a-year, paid you quarterly, for being mole-catcher to the parish. Aye, ſays the luckleſs wight above-mentioned (who was ſtanding cloſe by him with the plush breeches on) You are not only mole-catcher, Trim, but you catch STRAY CONIES too in the dark, and you pretend a licence for it, which I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter-ſeſſions. I maintain it, I have a licence, ſays Trim, blushing as red as ſcarlet—I have a licence, and, as I farm a warren in the next parish, I will catch conies every hour of the night. You catch conies! ſays a toothleſs old woman juſt paſſing by.

This ſet the mob a laughing, and ſent every man home in perfect good humour, except Trim, who waddled very ſlowly off

with that kind of inflexible gravity only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and ſurpaſſed by none.

I am,

Sir, yours, &c. &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE broke open my letter to inform you, that I miſſed the opportunity of ſending it by the meſſenger, who I expected would have called upon me in his return thro' this village to York; ſo it has lain a week or ten days by me—I am not ſorry for the diſappointment, becauſe ſomething has ſince happened, in continuation of this affair, which I am thereby enabled to tranſmit to you all under one trouble.

When I finished the above account, I thought (as did every ſoul in the parish) Trim had met with ſo thorough a rebuff from John the parish-clerk, and the town's folks, who all took againſt him, that Trim would be glad to be quiet, and let the matter reſt.

But, it ſeems, it is not half an hour ago ſince Trim ſallied forth again, and, having borrowed a ſow-gelder's horn, with hard blowing he got the whole town round him, and endeavoured to raiſe a diſturbance, and fight the whole battle over again—alledg'd that he had been uſed in the laſt fray worſe

than a dog, not by John the parish-clerk, for I should not, quoth Trim, have valued him a rush ſingle hands—but all the town ſided with him, and twelve men in buckram ſet upon me, all at once, and kept me in play at ſword's point for three hours together.

Beſides, quoth Trim, there were two misbegotten knaves in Kendal green, who lay all the while in ambuſh in John's own houſe, and they all ſixteen came upon my back, and let drive at me all together—a plague, ſays Trim, of all cowards!

Trim repeated this ſtory above a dozen times, which made ſome of the neighbours pity him, thinking the poor fellow crack-brain'd, and that he actually believed what he ſaid.

After this Trim dropped the affair of the breeches, and began a freſh diſpute about the reading desk, which I told you had occaſioned ſome ſmall diſpute between the *late* parſon and John, ſome years ago.—This reading-desk, as you will obſerve, was but an epiſode wove into the main ſtory by the by, for the main affair was « The battle of the breeches and the great coat ».

However, Trim being at laſt driven out of theſe two citadels—he has ſeized hold, in his retreat, of this reading desk, with a view, at is ſeems, to take ſhelter behind it.

I cannot ſay but the man has fought it

out obſtinately enough, and, had his cauſe been good, I ſhould have really pitied him. For, when he was driven out of the great watch-coat, you ſee he did not run away;—no,—he retreated behind the breeches, and when he could make nothing of it behind the breeches, he got behind the reading desk. To what other hold Trim will next retreat, the politicians of this village are not agreed. Some think his next move will be towards the rear of the parſon's boot; but, as it is thought he cannot make a long ſtand there, others are of opinion, that Trim will once more in his life get hold of the parſon's horſe, and charge upon him, or perhaps behind him; but, as the horſe is not eaſy to be caught, the more general opinion is, that when he is driven out of the reading desk, he will make his laſt retreat in ſuch a manner, as, if poſſible, to gain the *cloſe-ſtool*, and defend himſelf behind it to the very laſt drop.

If Trim ſhould make this movement, by my advice, he ſhould be left, beſides his citadel, in full poſſeſſion of the field of battle, where 'tis certain he will keep every body a league off, and may hop by himſelf till he his weary. Beſides, as Trim ſeems bent upon *purging* himſelf, and may have abundance of foul humours to work off, I think he cannot be better placed.

But this is all matter of ſpeculation—Let me carry you back to matter of fact, and

tell you what kind of ſtand Trim has actually made behind the ſaid desk: « Neighbours and townſmen all, I will be ſworn » before my Lord Mayor, that John and his » nineteen men in *buckram* have abuſed me » worſe than a dog; for they told you that » I play'd faſt and go looſe with the *late* parſon and him in that old diſpute of theirs » about the reading desk, and that I made » matters worſe between them, and not » better ».

Of this charge, Trim declared he was innocent as the child that was unborn—that he would be book-ſworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a ſtrong witneſs, and moreover inſinuated, that John himſelf, inſtead of being angry for what he had done in it, had actually thanked him—Aye, Trim, ſays the wight in the plush breeches, but that was, Trim, the day before John found thee out. Beſides, Trim there is nothing in that; for the very year that you was made town's pounder, thou knoweſt well, that I both thanked thee myſelf, and moreover gave thee a good warm ſupper for turning John Lund's cows and horſes out of my hard corn cloſe, which, if thou hadſt not done, (as thou told'ſt me) I ſhould have loſt my whole crop; whereas John Lund and Thomas Patt, who are both here to teſtify, and are both willing to take their oaths on't, that

that thou thyſelf waſt the very man who ſet the gate open—and after all, it was not thee, Trim, 'twas the backſmith's poor lad who turned them out—ſo that a man may be thanked and rewarded too, for a good turn which he never did, nor ever did intend.

Trim could not ſuſtain this unexpected ſtroke—ſo Trim marched off the field without colours flying, or his horn ſounding, or any other enſigns of honour whatever.—Whether, after this, Trim intends to rally a ſecond time—or whether he may not take it into his head to claim the victory—none but Trim himſelf can inform you.

However, the general opinion, upon the whole, is this, that in three ſeveral pitch'd battles, *Trim* has been ſo *trimm'd* as never diſaſtrous hero was *trimmed* before.

THE END.

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